

5-1-2003

## Expressions

NSU University School

Follow this and additional works at: [http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag](http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag)



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Fine Arts Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

NSU University School (2003) "Expressions," *Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine*: Vol. 10, Article 109.  
Available at: [http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool\\_litmag/vol10/iss1/109](http://nsuworks.nova.edu/uschool_litmag/vol10/iss1/109)

This Full Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University School at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Hieroglyphics: the NSU University School Literary Magazine by an authorized administrator of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact [nsuworks@nova.edu](mailto:nsuworks@nova.edu).

DISCARD

E

X

P

R

E

S

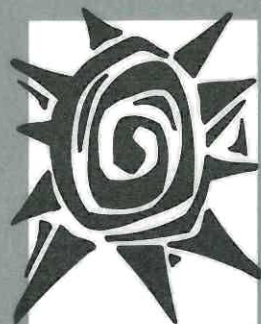
S

I

O

N

S



Copyright 2002  
University School of Nova Southeastern University  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33314-7796

The literary magazine will consider for publication all original works submitted by current University School high school students. Entries are read anonymously and scored by the magazine staff. Pieces are selected for publication by considering score, variety, and space. Because of these constraints, not every outstanding piece can be published. All opinions and ideas expressed in this magazine are solely those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the magazine staff, faculty, or administration of the University School.

The University School of Nova Southeastern University practices a policy of nondiscrimination in employment and admission. We hire employees and admit students of either sex and of any race, color, and national or ethnic origin.

**Editor**

Natalia Martínez

**Junior Editor**

Galit Safirstein

**Art Editor**

Alexis Hurewitz

**Advisor**

Linda Winrow

**Readers**

Stefanie Brown

Sophie Buzgon

Daniel Drew

Gabriela Gadia

Jonathan Levy

Dana Perkins

Pavithra Raj

Stacey Tomback

Laurel Weiner

**EXPRESSIONS**

**Spring, 2003**

**Volume X**

I would like to thank those whose works, in the form of poetry, short stories, photographs, and illustrations, grace the pages of this year's literary magazine, *Expressions*. Your talent, creativity, and passion have made this a landmark 10<sup>th</sup> edition. I am equally grateful to those who contributed to the new Foreign Language section; I hope that your willingness to participate will make these pages a must for years to come. I would also like to give special thanks to Mrs. Simco for her unwavering compassion and readiness to help, to Señora Fabara and Madame Ellsley for their cooperation, and to Mrs. Linda Winrow, whose dedication, unforgettable wit, and inspirational manner played an integral part in the production of this magazine. Enjoy!

Natalia Martínez, Editor, 2003



# Table of Contents

Cover Concept by Alexis Hurewitz

## Literary Pieces

Waltzing Through, <i>Anna Biegelsen</i> .....	1
And She Knows, <i>Danielle LaRocco</i> .....	2-3
True Self, <i>Alexis Hurewitz</i> .....	5
Dissolution, <i>Rena Behar</i> .....	6-7
Dreaming, <i>Michael Bamberger</i> .....	8-9
The Icing on the Cake, <i>Daniel Iden</i> .....	10-11
The Wait, <i>Prasanna Durairaj</i> .....	12
Rhythms of Life, <i>Mallory Hellman</i> .....	13-15
Living Life Through..., <i>Melissa Metzger</i> .....	16
On a Whim, <i>Natalia Martínez</i> .....	17
Suicide, <i>Jonathan Grilli</i> .....	18-19
A Girl's Fear, <i>Dara Gurman</i> .....	20
A Boy's Fear, <i>Daniel Drew</i> .....	21
Extremes, <i>Katherine Martinez</i> .....	22
My house...well...not really..., <i>Anna Biegelsen</i> .....	23-25
The Journey, <i>Mairon Brandwajn</i> .....	26
Scarred, <i>Amanda Foreman</i> .....	27
Friendship, <i>Danielle Steinberg</i> .....	28
Senseless, <i>Natalia Martínez</i> .....	29
Love, <i>Elana Fishman</i> .....	31
Betrayal, <i>Melissa Metzger</i> .....	32
Goals, <i>Amanda Foreman</i> .....	33
Toxic Beauty, <i>Yvonne DeMarino</i> .....	34
The Treasure Within, <i>Cristina Calvar</i> .....	35
Perfection, <i>Dara Gurman</i> .....	37
Ending the Cold War, <i>A.J. Steigman</i> .....	38-41
Ignored, <i>Alexis Hurewitz</i> .....	42

<b>Numb</b> , <i>Anna Biegelsen</i> .....	43
<b>The Little Things</b> , <i>Mallory Hellman</i> .....	44-47
<b>Once the Fear Sets In</b> , <i>Andre Bostwick</i> .....	48-49
<b>Achieve</b> , <i>Karen Freed</i> .....	50
<b>Destiny</b> , <i>Amanda Murphy</i> .....	51
<b>The Desire of Man</b> , <i>Aneesh Deshpande</i> .....	53
<b>Heaven</b> , <i>Angela Fontana</i> .....	54-55
<b>I Know</b> , <i>Amanda Foreman</i> .....	56
<b>Honor and Pride</b> , <i>Matthew Kligerman</i> .....	58
<b>Loneliness</b> , <i>Ben Wald</i> .....	59
<b>Mercutio's Curse</b> , <i>Alex Weisman</i> .....	60-61
<b>They Say</b> , <i>Michael Marks</i> .....	62
<b>Elevation</b> , <i>Gabriela Gadia</i> .....	63
<b>Fear</b> , <i>Yves Jodesty</i> .....	64
<b>Why Me?</b> , <i>Dana Hersh</i> .....	65
<b>Bye</b> , <i>Matt Miller</i> .....	66
<b>Discussion</b> , <i>Anna Biegelsen</i> .....	67
<b>Never Alone</b> , <i>Ekta Nagar</i> .....	69
<b>Timeless Love</b> , <i>Mandi Fenkell</i> .....	70-71
<b>Purposely Untitled</b> , <i>Natalia Martínez</i> .....	72-73
<b>Captives to Captivate</b> , <i>Rita Shankar</i> .....	74-75
<b>You</b> , <i>Ilana Pregon</i> .....	76
<b>The Day...</b> , <i>Prasanna Durairaj</i> .....	77
<b>Death</b> , <i>Shawn Shah</i> .....	79
<b>Romeo's Impluse</b> , <i>Skyler Shatkin</i> .....	80
<b>Life Goes On</b> , <i>Dana Perkins</i> .....	82
<b>Nomad Airports</b> , <i>Jared Leibowich</i> .....	83
<b>As You Have</b> , <i>Danielle LaRocco</i> .....	84-85
<b>Changes</b> , <i>Jessica Teller</i> .....	86
<b>Love at First Sight</b> , <i>Joan Ghitis</i> .....	87
<b>For You</b> , <i>Daniel Iden</i> .....	88-89
<b>Irony Is Lovely</b> , <i>Shari Grunspan</i> .....	90-91
<b>Parking Spaces</b> , <i>Karen Freed</i> .....	92-93

## **Foreign Language Pieces**

<b>New Beginning, Josh Ellenthal</b>	
<b>Nuovo Inizio, Allison D'Achille.....</b>	<b>98</b>
<b>Tu sonrisa, Ari Pinkas.....</b>	<b>99</b>
<b>He vuelto, Natalia Martínez.....</b>	<b>100-101</b>
<b>Sunrise, Prasanna Durairaj.....</b>	<b>102</b>
<b>Yom Hashoah, Karen Agami.....</b>	<b>103</b>
<b>L'avenir, Mallory Hellman .....</b>	<b>104-107</b>
<b>Ilusión, Natalia Martínez.....</b>	<b>108-109</b>
<b>Paletas de Chocolate, Rahel Ben-Cnaan.....</b>	<b>110-111</b>
<b>Being, Ekta Nagar.....</b>	<b>112-113</b>
<b>Victoria, Jason Begue.....</b>	<b>114-115</b>
<b>Sin Nubes, Galit Safirstein.....</b>	<b>116-117</b>
<b>Namaste Sun, Rita Shankar .....</b>	<b>118-119</b>
<b>La Ignorancia, Rahel Ben-Cnaan .....</b>	<b>120-121</b>

## **Art/Photography**

<b>Photograph, Alexis Hurewitz.....</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Photograph, Diane Leightman.....</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Photograph, Alexis Hurewitz .....</b>	<b>7</b>
<b>Photograph, Diane Leightman .....</b>	<b>9</b>
<b>Photograph, Danielle LaRocco.....</b>	<b>11</b>
<b>Drawing, Alexis Hurewitz .....</b>	<b>15</b>
<b>Computer Graphic, Harrison Stevens.....</b>	<b>16</b>
<b>Drawing, Nicole Nordal.....</b>	<b>19</b>
<b>Photograph, Alexis Hurewitz .....</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>Drawing, Shelly Miller.....</b>	<b>26</b>
<b>Collage, Rena Behar.....</b>	<b>30</b>

<b>Drawing, Kanchan Panjwani</b> .....	31
<b>Photograph, Alexis Hurewitz</b> .....	33
<b>Drawing, Shelly Miller</b> .....	35
<b>Drawing, Josh Gutter</b> .....	36
<b>Photograph, Danielle LaRocco</b> .....	41
<b>Photograph, Alexis Hurewitz</b> .....	42
<b>Photograph, Danielle LaRocco</b> .....	47
<b>Drawing, Shelly Miller</b> .....	49
<b>Drawing, Natalia Martínez</b> .....	52
<b>Drawing, Valentina López</b> .....	55
<b>Drawing, Aleix Hurewitz</b> .....	57
<b>Photograph, Aleix Hurewitz</b> .....	59
<b>Drawing, Josh Gutter</b> .....	64
<b>Drawing, Peter Rigopoulos</b> .....	68
<b>Drawing, Galit Safirstein</b> .....	71
<b>Photograph, Danielle LaRocco</b> .....	76
<b>Drawing, Rahel Ben-Cnaan</b> .....	78
<b>Collage, Katherine Martinez</b> .....	81
<b>Photograph, Danielle LaRocco</b> .....	85
<b>Drawing, Josh Gutter</b> .....	89
<b>Photograph, Danielle LaRocco</b> .....	91
<b>Photograph, Alexis Hurewitz</b> .....	93

## Waltzing Through

*Anna Biegelsen*

So show me the ropes, Jack –

1...

Because I can't really reach the next rung up on  
the ladder –

1,2...

It's a bit blurred –

1,2,3...

So I fail about something to grasp –

1,2,3...1...

Not like when we dance –

1,2,3...1,2...

A waltz –

1,2,3...1,2,3...

Down, up, up –

1,2,3...1,2,3...1...

Motions so fast, controlled, held fast –

1,2,3...1,2,3...1,2...

But you always lead –

1,2,3...1,2,3...1...

And not just when we dance –

1,2,3...1,2,3...

So please continue –

1,2,3...1,2...

Or I may be totally lost –

1,2,3...1...

And, Lord knows, I couldn't take that –

1,2,3...

So gimme a hand –

1,2...

Show me the ropes, Jack –

1...Oh...

Am I back where I began?

## And She Knows

*Danielle LaRocco*

And she knows it well.

These circular thoughts lead her nowhere but  
back to herself.

Thoughts weave in and out and into each other,  
ends are beginnings and all is this perpetual  
middle that she is forever walking.

Internal revolutions are nothing but  
convolutions soaring on the chords of a song  
that doesn't quite fit her, giving the circular path  
all the more gravity.

But if she pulls on the melody just right, rips the  
seam of the lyrics, patches the hole with her  
own chorus, is she found?

She is still lost, wearing someone else's melody  
and her own pain manifested outwardly.

Persuasion is beauty and torture all at once  
when the argument is meant to convince herself  
to be what the world should see. Can she?

Blurry lines between infinity and zero bring  
revelations to nothing in the time it takes her to  
see she's falling down.

Underneath it all is the circular path she's  
walked countless times.

The convoluted storyline has no direction but an  
inescapable allure.

Who is the villain, the hero?

Her own antagonism chases the protagonist into  
a circle in which, though mesmerized, she is still  
lost.

Her invisible demons are nothing but her own  
mind.







## True Self

*Alexis Hurewitz*

Behind a mask as white as snow,  
I gaze at a world of secrecy.  
As darkness falls, I apply a disguise,  
Forced to perform,  
Never revealing my true identity.  
Troubled gray eyes look into the mirror,  
Questioning everything I know.  
Don't be fooled by a heart filled with deceit.  
The attraction is fake.  
I cannot find myself,  
And I yearn to be real.  
Traditions tear and torture my soul,  
I am left to learn alone.  
Until our love united,  
Only then I was free.  
For I am myself only with you,  
Only then, the artificial mask melts away.

## Dissolution

*Rena Behar*

"I dreamt of a dream tonight,"  
he says,  
though of what he'll never tell

"And so did I."

There's something wrong with them tonight

Witchery seems to be at work  
though others hardly know  
For lovers' tension, buried beneath the surface,  
seems hardly apparent to the innocent.  
(Or those hardly guileless  
and et still blind)

they dream of pretty things, it seems  
dancing girls and Capulets  
Fair queens madly consorting with their mortals  
And yet in less pretty ways their time is spent.

For what's a dream but futile hope?  
A wish? A prayer?  
There is no celestial desire from the jaded.

Shadows lurk within layers of conversation  
love is a more dangerous topic than they know  
for one embittered  
and yet another enamored with no more than a  
gossamer-thin vision.

"Well, what was yours?"

Speak first, 'ere he's lost to you  
Two souls unlike  
and yet unable to resist the other  
(and unable to resist as well  
and unholy desire to tear the union in two).

Mercutio will lose this night  
To no more than an idea  
For Romeo's obsession leads him to any who  
will have him  
And he is in and out of love faster than any.

He'll lose his life and love for vision  
and his comrade's lack thereof.  
Over cynicism and lust  
pretty delusions such as Romeo's will have no  
hold.

"That dreamer often lie"



## **Dreaming**

*Michael Bamberger*

A dream is what you wish for, but rarely do  
achieve;  
You try, and hope, and pray, but still you doubt.  
Desire is what starts you, determination keeps  
you going.

A dream is not a decision; it is a subconscious  
hope from within.

Through good times and bad, a dream is still  
there,

Keeping you fighting, and trying, and often  
making you sad.

You glorify it in your mind, thinking it is great;  
But a true dream is the one you never think  
about,

It is the one that is always there.

A dream may be your destiny, but also could be  
more;

It could be your life, your love, and your  
obsession.

Often people think what they want is their  
dream,

But it is just an obstacle;

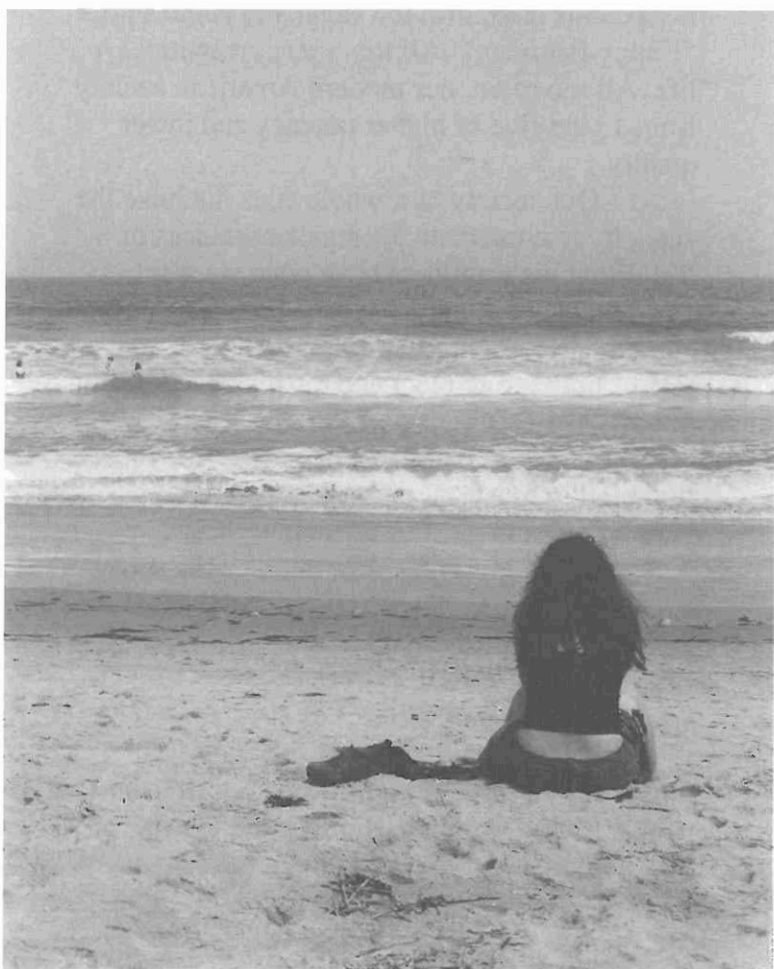
You must overcome the apparent and  
achievable,

And find the underlying goal that you really  
want.

You think it is important, and that it is the  
reason for your life;

So you work for it, spend years to accomplish it,  
and finally you do.

You thought that it would be more, better than  
what it is.  
But you realize it wasn't the goal you were after  
at all;  
It was the journey you took.  
The goal was an addition to the things that were  
learned and seen;  
And then suddenly you realize,  
The dream was to accomplish your dream, not  
the goal at the end.



## The Icing on the Cake

*Daniel Iden*

The appeal of popular music to Americans is undeniable. We have to wonder why, though devoid of much sincere artistic inspiration, it still has the largest following of any other form of music. Why do we turn to the pulsating beat of America's pop? How can we choose to ignore the icing of melody and harmony on top of the musical cake? These ingredients transform the sugar and batter into a "Happy Birthday"! All too often, art imitates life. All too often, our modern American society leans to the side of higher potency and lower quality.

Our society as a whole does not have the capacity to appreciate the smaller nuances of life. What we want is to have what we want, when we want it, and sacrifices in quality and craftsmanship obviously come secondary to the size of both the product and the discount. This can be easily seen in any facet of our world, but no example is as blatant as in our loss of respect for detail in music. What makes popular music popular? It quite accurately represents the American dream. We can be bombarded with the greatest decibels in the shortest period of time to make it impossible for us to have missed "the point." In America, if we cannot rise to art, the art will be degraded to a common level. An electronic bass drum pounding out the most basic of rhythms gives an inexperienced listener a feeling of interpretive superiority: he can "feel" the music. The unfortunate miscalculation

lies in the fact that music becomes music worth listening to with unpredictability, not with an obvious progression. This is the appeal of baroque, classical, and romantic music. Even in jazz, the listener can enjoy pleasant surprises with interesting and complex harmonies. But this is America. We have to be concrete about everything. And as long as there are higher volume thresholds to be shattered and brisker tempos to be attained, popular music will continue to appeal to those who want access to music without controversy, music that tells them what and how to feel, music without the fluff. Thank you, but I prefer my cake with icing.



## **The Wait**

*Prasanna Durairaj*

Parched, the earth sleeps  
Despairing, the trees sway  
Pained, the tear-filled eyes search  
Questions torture the mind  
Will he come?  
Like a chant, my mouth repeats  
“Rescue Me,” it says  
“Rescue Me from me”  
Slowly, the hours pass  
The wind whispers  
The sun smiles  
Expressions dance on my glowing face  
Happiness elates my soul  
Radiance fills my eyes  
Oh, I see Him!  
The trees sing  
The earth awakens  
To welcome Him  
Yes, here He comes...  
Only to part again.



## Rhythms of Life

*Mallory Hellman*

Often, at the wee hour of 1:30 a.m. or a comparably obscene time, I find myself huddled over a history book, drinking frigid water to keep from dozing off, and chanting to myself inwardly (or outwardly if the situation has become accordingly dire), "I want to be a subsistence farmer." This, along with the motivational "Would you like fries with that?" enables me trudge through the bleak late-night hours of studying, to printer jams, and general high-school angst. The latter phrase, I should add, is a mantra to remind me of my not-so-distant future should I decide to forfeit all studies for a life of intellectually uncontaminated burger-flipping. The former, surprisingly, is a sincere and firmly held wish of mine, a dream which I will never fully let go.

You think I jest, but imagine it: the simple life of the subsistence farmer. Up with the sun; fresh vegetables all the time; a happy subsistence family with a subsistence minivan and subsistence trips to Jason's subsistence soccer games, not without the obligatory stop at subsistence Starbucks. The 900 B.C. American Dream. Honestly, though, a delicate existence carried out in harmony with nature and the unaffected rhythms of life seems so peaceful and simplistic as to present itself to me as nothing less than a euphoric dream.

These thoughts stream through my head during the hours I have affectionately dubbed "morning madness," taking the place of the structure and function of the nephron or whether to take the SAT again this weekend. These little escapes serve as guardians of my sanity, as dreams are the careful protectors of sleep at the point when what little mental health I still cherish is being stolen from me at an alarming rate. The thief?

College admissions. At a time when the college acceptance game has become the high school junior's worst nightmare, laden with unforeseen difficulties, random contingencies, and a general lack of anything that could remotely be construed as logic, harvesting one's own corn seems a positively celestial future.

When I was young and naïve, (nigh two years in passing), I had implicit faith in the college admissions system. One's merits and good deeds in the present life would ensure her a comfortable spot in the Kingdom of Heaven (the Ivy League) when the time arrived. So, devoutly, I studied the Good Book (Barron's Guide to the A.P. World History Exam) and attended arduous services Monday through Friday every week to better understand my place in this chaotic high school universe and how best to plot my course to the Kingdom of Heaven. I was positive that with all my intellectual efforts, my acts of loving kindness, and my constant quest for improvement in mind, body, and spirit, I was a prime candidate.

One could say that I experienced my loss of faith toward the end of the tenth grade. It was at this point that I was becoming better acquainted with the ins and outs of the Kingdom's filtering process and was appalled at how arbitrarily the hierarchy of ecclesiastical officials at its gates chose its inhabitants. Evidently, the Kingdom of Heaven is experiencing a pressing shortage of Hispanic people.

Furthermore, walking on water is no longer of much use to Kingdom entrance officials. No, to be qualified for one of the top spots, a student must have certain special criteria. These criteria cannot and will not be divulged because (a). They are

shrouded in the impenetrable mystery of the cult and (b). They are continuously changing and so unpredictable that their revelation would be of no use to Kingdom hopefuls anyway. Face it: even the Savior would have difficulties being accepted to the top tier of colleges nowadays. Everyone has at least that many community service hours.

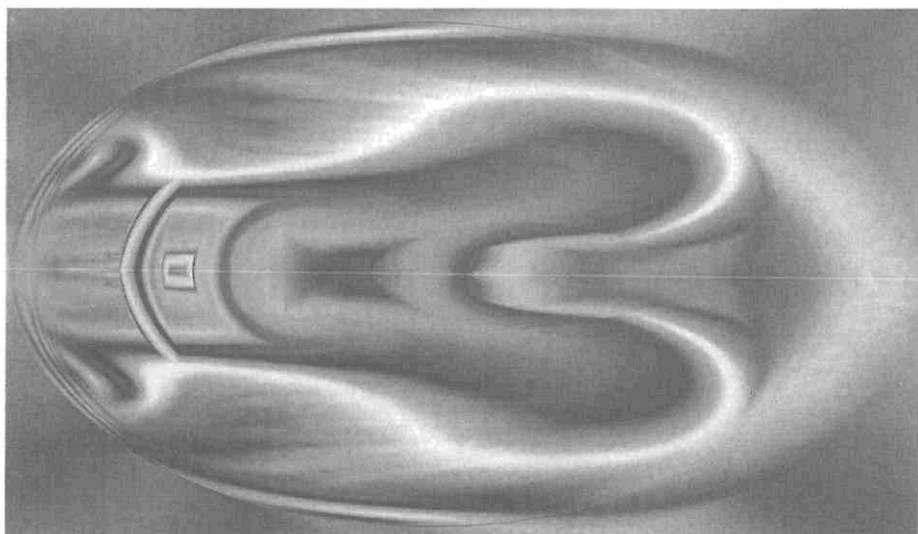
So, disillusioned with the capricious nature of the system and a confirmed collegiate atheist, I retreat to my bedroom with my cold water and my mantra. I continue to work diligently because I enjoy school and I like to learn. As long as I am accepted to a college where I can continue to cultivate this passion among other people who wish to do the same, its status in *U.S. News and World Report* is of little consequence. If I am not, I can always become a subsistence farmer.



## Living Life Through Rose Colored Lenses

*Melissa Metzger*

Heart shielded,  
surroundings filtered through a sieve,  
Given everything you need,  
But is life really a gift?  
Living life secluded,  
Hiding from what's wrong,  
Thinking there's life without troubles,  
Where everyone belongs.  
Sheltered from the world,  
Lacking common sense,  
But what good is living life this way,  
Through rose colored lenses?



## On a Whim

*Natalia Martinez*

Roses are nothing but flamboyant marigolds,  
A grass blade with enough pith to bloom,  
A seed striving for blinding beauty,  
A thorn envying its mother,  
A drop of power under your soles  
That makes you feel like you've stepped on the  
world.

False illusions compressed together in ten  
petals,  
Lives gone by and deaths acknowledged and  
forgotten  
Crowns of bastards and of jokers...  
Roses paint, with blood, the portrait.

What is left of the Bible women, of the Paris  
folk, of the masquerading liars?  
Traces of a breathing heart lie tired across my  
chest:  
The pieces of a life so fast forgotten.  
To hell with the masquerades and the carnivals;  
I dance on tombstones under the moonlight,  
My teeth shine like wolves',  
I'm a liar all over again.  
And no one knows.

## Suicide

*Jonathan Grilli*

As each day went, I tried once more  
To hide the scars, to hide the pain.  
I lost myself in my endless search,  
To find one more thing to hide behind.  
A test to see how much I could take,  
Nothing ever changes.

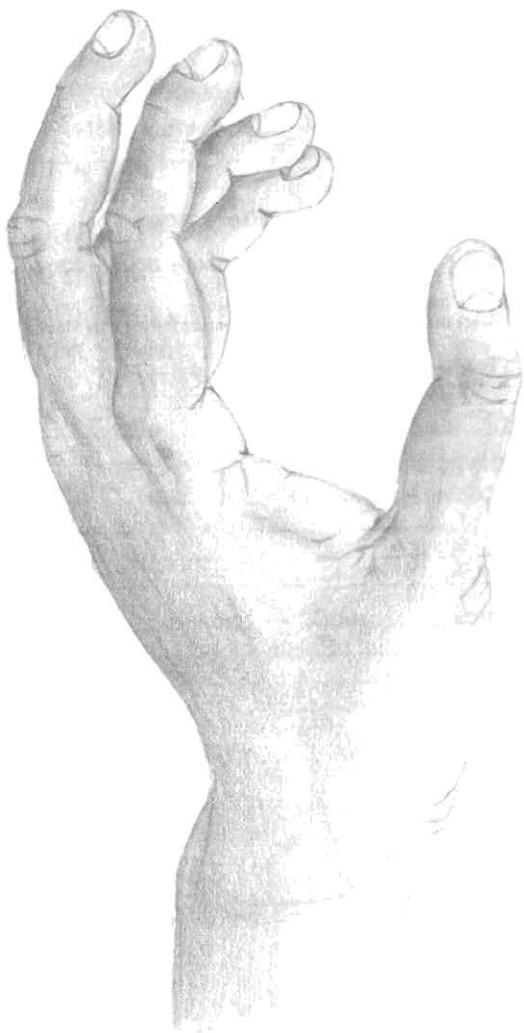
I despised who I had become,  
Always shy, always afraid,  
The offspring of a troubled childhood.  
I turned to those I loved the most,  
Yet I found no haven in their soft words.  
Nothing ever changes.

At night I sat and prayed to ask,  
God, why have you forsaken me?  
How did I end up this way? What've I done?  
I had to stop and question,  
What is my purpose? Do I matter?  
Nothing ever changes.

As time continued to run on,  
My life became a blur, a burden.  
It was as a stain upon the cloth of the world,  
Unimportant and easily removable.  
Unwanted in this society, I stood alone.  
Nothing ever changes.

And here I sit with knife in hand,  
Is this what it has come to?  
This chaos will be over soon.  
I am looking towards the sky now,

I command my spirit to the heavens above.  
A freedom I have longed for...



## A Girl's Fear

*Dara Gurman*

The fear that underlies all others  
It is always etched into the back of my mind  
Walking to my car, standing all alone  
Is he watching? Waiting for the right moment to  
attack?  
A girl can never be too careful  
The odds are high, more and more happen each  
day  
So why shouldn't it happen to me?  
Rape  
The most awful deed one can perform  
His body overpowering mine  
Me...helpless  
Would I scream? Try to run?  
Would I be strong? Could I fight him off and  
run away?  
Or let it happen, be passive, submissive,  
obedient...save my life  
Hopefully, I'll never know.



## A Boy's Fear

*Daniel Drew*

Sitting in the darkness  
Heart pounding  
Eyes wider after every page  
Fear in his heart  
Intensity rises  
Darkness inspires a greater fear  
Lights must go on  
Night after night  
Nonstop anxiety  
Can't fall asleep  
On the edge  
Few pages left  
Suspense high  
Heart pounding  
Every light on  
Body trembling  
Fear.

## Extremes

*Katherine Martinez*

Fascinated is the brightest of yellows and the  
deepest of pinks

It tastes like frozen berries and orange juice

It feels like goose bumps and rushes of sugar  
through the body

It resembles the view from the top of a  
mountain looking down or from the stars  
looking far

Fascinated makes me feel restless, cheerful,  
lively, pleased.

Discouraged is a murky green, dark brown, gray

It tastes like plain bread and warm water

It sounds like groans in a field of African daisies

It looks like a man in the corner who does not  
know what to do

Discouraged makes me feel afraid, disturbed,  
worried, and uncomfortable.

## My house...well...not really...

*Anna Biegelsen*

It all began shortly after my sixth birthday. My father decided to take on a small project – renovating and expanding the master bathroom. This seemed as if it should have been a simple task. It was, however, the beginning of a tragic saga.

Shortly after the tile and fixtures were removed from his shower, my father, whose mind was running rampant with ideas by this time, decided that the renovation should extend into his bedroom. I was evicted from the den-turned-bedroom that was my sixth birthday present so that my parents could move from their room. I had to live with my two younger sisters in their bedroom, a situation which I sullenly returned to. We were forced to share, to respect each other's space and belongings, and simply to get along without excessive quarreling.

Days turned into months and months turned into years. Two years, to be exact, and the bathroom was finished. That triumph, however, was miniscule compared to the complete renovation we were now in the midst of. At the four-year-mark, my mother took my sister and me on summer vacation to “give Dad a chance to finish.” Or so we thought. We returned to find our house in further shambles. The mess was so overwhelming that we simply boxed up our belongings, put them in storage, and lived with only the necessities. We all learned to “rough it” so to speak, living in the

dust and grime that had built up through the years of “the project.”

By the time I was a freshman in high school, the house had been gutted. We moved into a small three-bedroom apartment where the term “close quarters” took on a whole new meaning for us. We had to communicate and cooperate with each other. This wasn’t always easy, but we managed to survive.

After living in the apartment for two years, we moved back into our house, which was now deemed suitable for basic living. Still, the house was, for the most part, unfinished. For instance the kitchen – or lack thereof. With no running water or appliances, resourcefulness was essential. The toaster oven became central to cooking and all dishes were washed in the master bathroom – the only finished room in the house. We grew to miss the traditional family dinner, having no table at which to break our bread.

Today, the house remains unfinished, lacking a few closet doors and outlet covers, unpainted, with exposed wires here and there. We did finally make a kitchen with running water, appliances, cabinet handles, you name it. I don’t regret the fact that most of my childhood memories are of the family in a jumbled house that wasn’t really a home because I’ve learned so many important lessons along the way. I’ve learned to communicate and cooperate with the people around me, even in trying circumstances. I developed the ability to adapt and be resourceful to survive in strange situations. Most importantly, I learned that “home” is not where the heart is; family is where the heart

truly lies. I appreciate the value of sitting down to a family dinner, whether home cooked or take-out from Boston Market. That is the real valuable in life – family.



## The Journey

*Mairon Brandwajn*

To find happiness we can dream,  
But dreaming isn't enough  
If you don't have courage.  
Courage leads to happiness.

By dreaming we only desire.  
With courage we break through every obstacle  
And we make it through life.  
But what is life?  
Life is every human trying to find happiness.

There will be obstacles in our way,  
But the conspiring of the universe  
To achieve what we want is behind our backs.  
That is the only help we get from God to  
complete our journey,  
Our journey to find happiness.



## Scarred

*Amanda Foreman*

Bleeding hearts  
left behind,  
shine as one  
by light of the sun.  
An angel in red  
drops a tear from her eye,  
filling the empty space.

Roses sprout from thorns.  
Petals expand;  
an angel's wings.  
Sun rises,  
dying the sky.

The clouds open up;  
release lightening,  
striking the trees  
now screaming with flames.  
Rain falls hard  
extinguishing the fire,  
soothing the land.

The heat is gone,  
but ashes remain;  
a reminder, a scar,  
of blood and pain.

## Friendship

*Danielle Steinberg*

Friendship is like a shielding blanket,  
Always there to shelter and protect you from the  
outside world.

A friend is a tender shoulder,  
On which to softly cry,  
A hand to pull you up from darkness and  
despair,

And raise troubled spirits.  
Like the same soul dwelling in shared bodies,  
A friend walks in when the rest of the world  
walks out.

Like an unbreakable thread tying people  
together,  
Friendship builds one's confidence and accepts  
one's shortcomings.

Although the best of friends must sometimes  
part,

A symbol of true friendship, no matter how  
simple, can spark

Instant comfort and warm memories.

Though true great friends are hard to find,  
They prove impossible to forget.

Always close, no matter how far,  
A friend lessens grief and adds happiness.

Friends bring out the best in each other,  
Through good and bad, thick and thin.



## Senseless

*Natalia Martinez*

The sky is about to burst.  
The dust swerves with the wind and dries my  
eyes.  
Smiles all around -  
Echoes of a life left by my shoes on the  
roadside,  
Sleeping the day away in the dust,  
And at night watching the stars pierce the  
clouds.

Life's mercy has said goodbye; it's all about  
luck.  
Faith gave me busy Sundays and eternal  
salvation, and  
Fate gives me laughter, forgiveness and a place  
to park my spirit  
For the night...before I leave in the morning, to  
go back home,  
Back to nowhere....

The land is dry and crusty and red,  
But in the lines I see eyes burning to keep alive,  
And teeth shining through an open smile of  
hope.  
"The rain will come," I whisper and breathe in  
the wheat.  
*"If it covers my sins, will they be mine still or  
will I ignore them? Both?"*  
Laughter is the curse of the beautiful and the  
medicine of the sick.  
Overcome it.

# provocative

BY RENA BEHAR

more than just your name *pickled by an evil innkeeper.*

**What a textbook tragedy.**  
like standing behind an F-14's engine  
wearing Bermuda shorts.  
*It doesn't matter. I am beyond  
the green.*

PARADISE has been  
relocated

**THE RABBIT HAS MULTIPLIED.**  
*(THEY DO THAT.)*

**It's just not what it used to be.**  
*seem tighter now.*

It's easy to appreciate **a glittering metropolis**

Have you ever noticed

*water upon which you glide.*

**THE THRILL IS BLACK**  
New York State of Mind

When you find bliss **Ten cents is dancing.**  
**dance across the carpet.**

Cabs will stop *dark winter days.*  
All you have to do is look up.

**Let it snow.**

**FIND YOUR INNER** *seventy-five falling stars*

**Open me last.**

narcissus



## Love

*Elana Fishman*

Love, like the bud of a flower,  
Is born with the first rays of morn,  
Sometimes protective, fulfilling completely  
Sometimes leaving one sad and forlorn.  
Love takes its first steps, both weak and  
insecure  
Stretching its wings like the tiniest dove,  
Then either clings close as the scent on one's  
skin  
Or grows wide as the heavens above.  
Love fights for itself, conquering all,  
Like the fiercest soldier at war,  
Love can make absolutely anything possible  
Love can open all doors.  
So what's the most powerful force in the world?  
Electricity or heat, one might say,  
Perhaps it's a weapon, a gun or a sword  
Or the fiery sun that one sees every day.  
But this force is definitely none of these things  
It's the love in one's body or mind,  
Isn't it odd, how this almighty force  
Is the most difficult of all to find?



## Betrayal

*Melissa Metzger*

When you think it's true, it's false  
When you're sure it's cold, it's hot  
When you know it's good, it's bad  
When you feel it's real, it's not

Like a rose whose stem just dies,  
As the petals start to wilt,  
And its remnants become dry,  
As it's overcome with guilt.

Trepidations turn to truths,  
Disbelief builds up inside,  
Rites of passage steal your youth,  
As you search for where to hide.

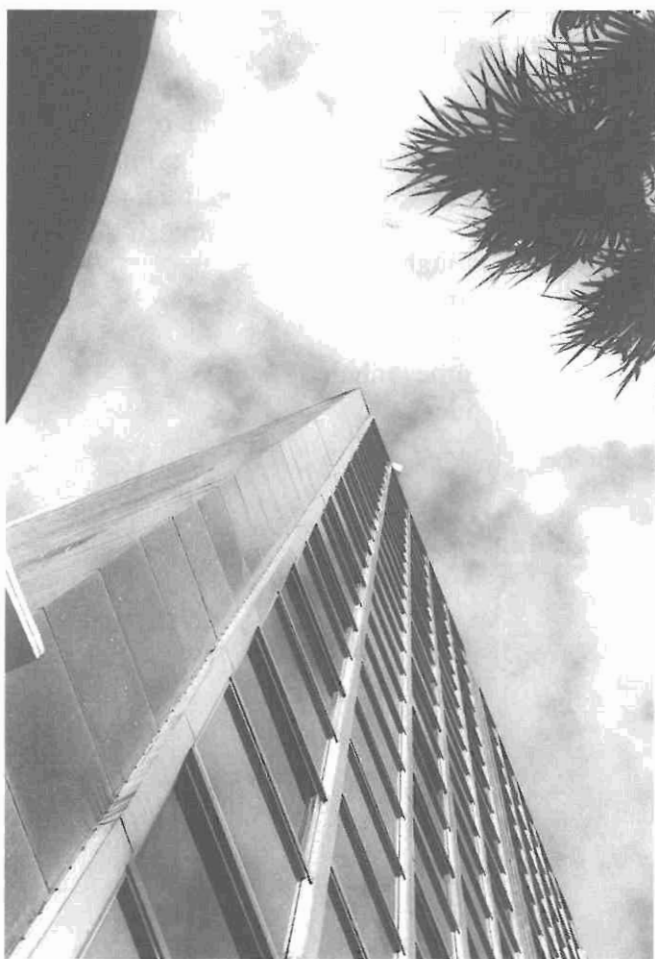
While all trust dissolves at once,  
Devotion slowly fades away,  
Now a need to put up efforts,  
Feelings aren't games with which to play.

Finally grief, when hatred rises,  
How she came to be this way,  
Embodying what she despises,  
Who would think that she'd betray?

## Goals

*Amanda Foreman*

Wrapped around a half-rotted branch, he climbs.  
The look of determination in his eyes  
Glowes in the darkness of the night,  
And all those around him  
Gaze at the sight  
Of a lizard whose height  
Can surpass the stars.



## Toxic Beauty

*Yvonne DeMarino*

Boiling in the pot  
Steam draining the poison from its veins  
A weapon, deadly to the touch  
Not a rifle  
Not a knife  
Not a guillotine  
A flower  
White oleander

Fragrant  
Hardy  
Beautiful  
Toxic  
White oleander

Powerful enough to seduce?  
Used to commit a murder  
A senseless act?  
Too many fumes inhaled  
White oleander

## The Treasure Within

Cristina Calvar

Listening to a heart can be the mother  
Feeling the heartbeat of an unborn baby.  
Listening to a heart can be the doctor  
Examining a child many times throughout her  
life.

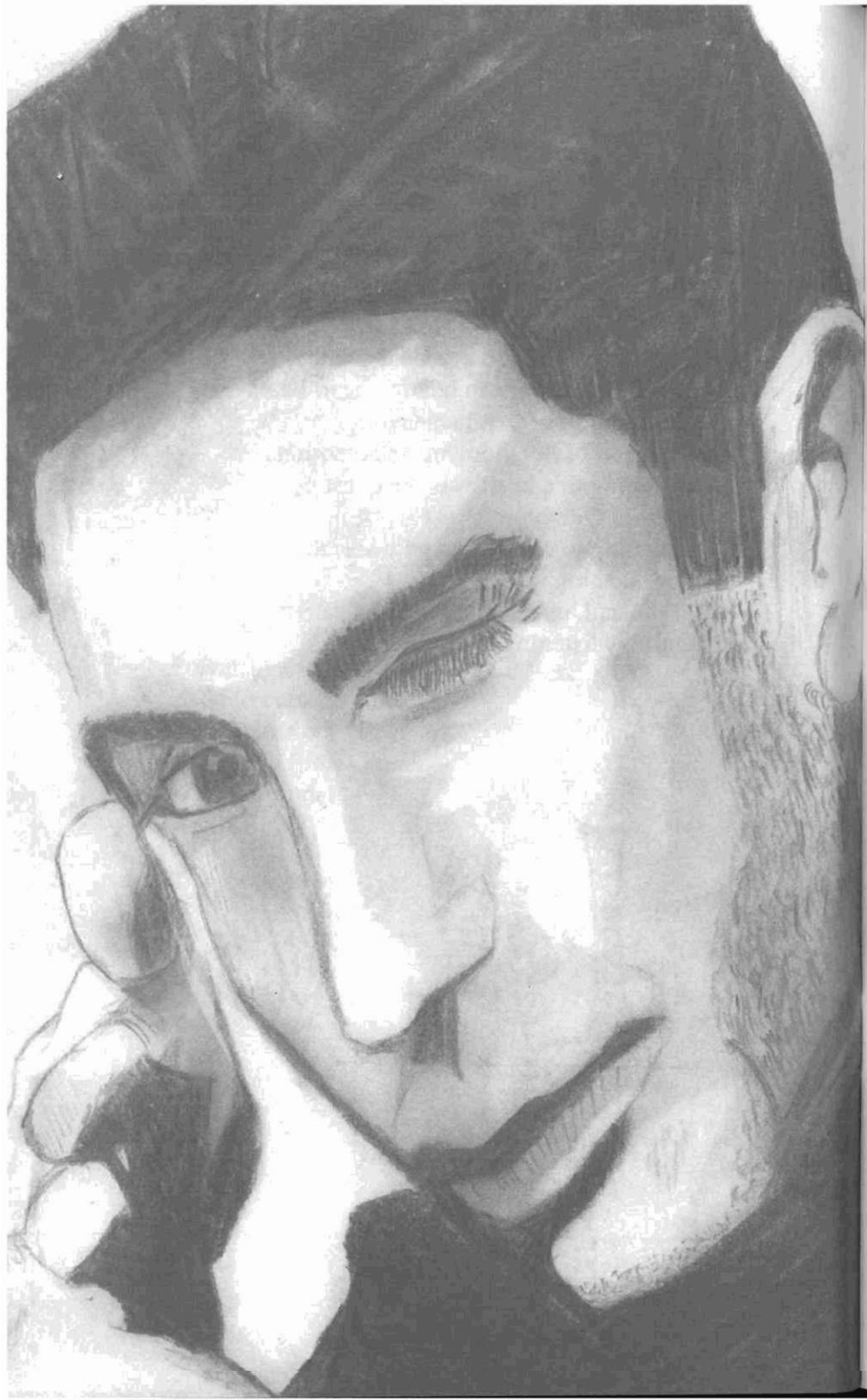
Listening to a heart can be the end of one's life  
When the doctor can hear no heart beat.

Listening to a heart means one  
Hears all of her thoughts and emotions.

Listening to a heart was the quest  
Of Don Quixote.

Listening to a heart can be a search  
For meaning in life;  
In the end, understanding is revealed  
Only by listening to a heart.







## Perfection

*Dara Gurman*

The gift  
The perfectly square box  
With its perfect pink wrapping paper  
And its perfect red ribbon, tied perfectly and  
precisely around all sides of the perfectly square  
box  
There isn't a tear to be found, a crinkle to be  
seen...only perfection  
But as you peel away the layers, there is nothing  
to be seen  
Underneath the faultless exterior is emptiness, a  
shallow void waiting to be filled  
Do not be fooled, for perfection does not exist  
And what may appear flawless is just an excuse  
for the imperfections that lie within.

## Ending the Cold War

*A.J. Steigman*

I was at the 1997 World Youth Chess Championship in Cannes, France. After playing an exhausting seven rounds of chess with games lasting as long as seven hours, as one of the leaders of the pack, I was in medal contention.

In the chess world, mostly ex-Soviet countries dominate. Each country is allowed to send two representatives and all of the former soviet Republics, now countries, milk this rule to the extreme. There were two representatives from Georgia, Azerbaijan, Ukraine, Latvia, and so on, and finally two from Russia. They all speak the same language and most of them train together. To me they are all the same. It doesn't matter if their nationality is masked with the flag of Turkmenistan or Uzbekistan; they are all Russian and have the names of Igor, Alexander, Boris, Dimitry, Ivan, et cetera. While half the contestants consist of these ex-Soviet participants, the Russians are the most respected and feared, the "top guns." All the smaller newly-formed republics bow to this alpha male of a chess country. Yet, beating these countries is like battling the Hydra. If you chop off one of their heads in one round, they seem to multiply and you have to face another one the next round.

After I beat the Romanian champion in round 7., it was time to face the heavyweights. At my level of competition, hundreds of my games and those of my opponents are recorded in databases. Before every game, each player researches the other and figures out his opponent's strengths and weaknesses. They may

adapt their own style to exploit these weaknesses at the cost of being unfamiliar with the opening variations.

That morning, I learned that I had to face European Champion Ilya Zarezenko, the **main** Russian. I was definitely the underdog. The Russians must have been smiling! Free point for Ilya! After all, I was only an American. The glory days of Fischer versus Spassky were long over. Even though my coach and I knew that Zarezenko and the whole network of ex-Soviets were researching my games and were probably calling the best grandmasters in the world to help my opponent figure out how to beat me, we chose not to deviate from my normal variations. If I were going to go down, I was going to play my pride and joy opening. I knew it the best and was most comfortable with it. This Russian would have to beat me at my own game!

In these types of tournaments, each player has his nameplate and flag next to him so that the audience can identify who is who. I arrived the morning of the round and saw the coolest thing ever. Next to my name there was the American flag, and across from it was Russia's. It was like a replay of the Cold War days. With the pride of my country at stake, I was going to play my heart out. I had nothing to lose and everything to gain. The pressure was on my opponent. Most families are taken care of by the Russian government if their children do well. If they lose, they would lose all privileges.

The round started and I could tell that Zarezenko had prepared for me because he was blitzing off his opening moves. It is very nerve-

racking knowing that you are walking into anyone's preparations, especially someone from the Russian Federation, but it was too late to abort the game plan. In the "middle game" the real fight began. At the international level, one inaccurate move can lead to a loss. Though everything was going fine generally, I did make a few microscopically imprecise moves, but Zarezenko was oblivious to them. This Goliath of an opponent was human after all!

Unfortunately, I became overaggressive and started showing weaknesses in my position as a result of my trying too hard to win. Zarezenko spotted them and quickly turned the tables putting me on the defense. Using my time on the clock in order to come up with resources to parry his blows, I got myself in horrible time trouble. We entered the endgame stage with his having the advantage, but he used up a lot of time trying to put the nails into my coffin. We both were in time pressure with our hands flying across the board to make each move. Then, unbelievably, he made a gross blunder. At first, I thought he must have some hidden reason for his move, since gross errors aren't made often by someone of his standing. Suddenly, I realized that this was indeed a blunder and made my move. When I looked up, my enemy looked as if he had been shot by glares from the Russian coaches. He knew that he and his family were going to suffer for making such a howler of a move, especially against the American. He didn't even try to win by running me out of time. Lost mentally, he immediately resigned.

What a mix of emotions then emerged! I was ecstatic, having beaten the toughest Russian, but

I felt sorry for him as well. I knew that he was going to have to face his coaches. Not being able to believe the outcome, the ex-Soviet participants hovered around the board to see what had happened. Even the tournament director checked twice to verify the result. Though Russians are probably more stoic than most people, my opponent simply broke down and cried.

Amazingly, the next day something happened that I will never forget. During my next-round game, Zarezenko came up to me and shook my hand, thereby showing his great character. This unexpected moment was the greatest prize I could have won and taken back from that tournament. I had thought he was the enemy. We set out to defeat each other but ended up allies. The Cold War vanished. In this way, chess has brought me closer to people I've met from many parts of the world.



## Ignored

*Alexis Hurewitz*

Ignored is gray and brown  
It tastes like sour milk in the back of the  
refrigerator  
It sounds like elevator music and smells of  
mildew  
Ignored looks like dusty old toys left in the attic  
untouched



## Numb

*Anna Biegelsen*

Sit in an empty room, alone, on the floor,  
the cold, hard floor,  
'til you are numb.

And if you still feel after sitting there a while,  
lean against the walls,  
the cold, hard walls,  
'til you are numb.

And if you still feel after leaning there a while,  
call out into the yellow light,  
the cold, hard, yellow light;  
the empty echo is sure to make you numb.

And if you still feel after hearing the empty  
echo,  
take a moment to realize your loneliness.  
You are alone –  
alone, sitting on the cold, hard floor,  
alone, leaning against the cold, hard walls,  
alone, calling out into the cold, hard, yellow  
light,  
totally and utterly alone.

And that cold, hard solitude sends a shiver your  
way.  
Numb?

## The Little Things

*Mallory Hellman*

Sam grins affectionately as he raises himself from the drab, gray chair and stretches. Turning toward the bustling airport corridor, he yawns and says with mock sophistication, "I'm heading to the lavatory. Don't get into too much trouble." A childish mischief emerges in his blue bespectacled eyes as he adds, "I know how you can be in airports."

In the four years I've known Sam, the past five months of which we've been engaged, he has never come to understand my fascination with airports. I thought that he, of all people, might share my excitement for seeing so many different types of people traveling to and from all over the world, hearing tidbits of their conversations and pondering how we must all be connected somehow. But as he walks obliviously down the corridor, reaching into the pocket of his corduroys and apologizing profusely after nearly running into a conservative elderly woman holding a cup of coffee in each hand, I realize that he doesn't share my appreciation for these, the little things.

To my left, the morning sun streams through the airport window and the tones of an adolescent boy's portable CD player blare, though muffled, through his headphones.

"Come on, baby girl, take a ride with me."

As the boy rhythmically nods his head to the beat, the woman next to him props herself against the window as she speaks at an



inappropriately sonorous volume into her cell phone.

"Hello, Caroline! We're in the Atlanta airport right now. The kids are fine! Justin loved the gift!"

"Baby, baby, baby, I love you no matter what they say."

Across the seating area sits a chunky Latino of about forty in a white undershirt and a pair of jeans. He has just acquired a bag of ketchup-saturated French fries from Nathan's and is using a little two-pronged plastic toothpick to spear them and shuttle them to his mouth as quickly as possible. His wife, possessing much more elegance than he, holds a stack of napkins as she sits dispassionately at his side reading a book. Evidently, the gentleman notices my gaze and looks defensively in my direction mid-goggle, but I, with talent possessed only by an experience-hardened people-watcher, begin digging through my purse, concentrating on my ostensible search for some Skittles.

The woman's pitch lowers as she runs a carefully manicured hand down her smooth, red suit. "I know, Caroline. I know. We only have four days in town, though, and you would be selfish to ask us to spend them all with you."

The man in the undershirt does not lower his eyes until I, hyperbolically enthusiastic about my discovery, remove my Skittles from my purse and begin eating them with a ferocity almost matching his. Satisfied with my histrionics, he returns to shoveling the fries only to have his third or fourth ketchup-laden treasure fall from the now-greasy toothpick onto

his undershirt with a gooey splat. Hoping nobody has seen the incident, the gentleman quickly rescues the fry and studies the residual ketchup now occupying the front-and-center position of his undershirt. Mumbling soft expletives, he opens his hand to his wife, who rolling her eyes, hands over the napkins she has been so patiently saving for the occasion. She knew this would happen. I knew this would happen. Because we're all connected.

The deadlocked twenty-something across from me finishes writing in an earthy-looking journal, looks out the window, and heads to the information desk to inquire about the final boarding time.

"Can you please tell me when the final boarding call is for the flight to Durham?"

"Caroline, you're beginning to frustrate me. We've discussed this before."

Splat! There goes another french fry.

"Girl, you're the only one for me."

In just this tiny section of this one gate of one airport in the whole world, I've already seen an impressive array of people. I've heard so many things – glimpsed so many lives. I've been doing this for years, watching people in airports. It never ceases to fascinate me, and it probably never will. Deep inside each of these people, as outwardly different as they may seem, I see similarities, I see connections. I perceive that we are not defined by our race or the type of music we like or our partiality to french fries. Beneath the superficial trivialities, we are all made from the same elements: love, joy, sorrow, fear, lust, passion, we are moved by these to act the way we do. So, while my airport

experience gives me a perspective of the variety of people in our world, it also further proves how much we are the same.

"The call is at 9:15? Do you think I have time to get a cup of coffee before then?"

Sam returns from the bathroom, beaming as usual, and takes his seat next to me. Putting his arm around my shoulder he asks, "Did you discover anything new today?"

"Everything," I reply.



## Once the Fear Sets In

*Andre Bostwick*

You're trying to move, but you can't  
And your palms are beginning to sweat  
Your heart is racing so fast  
And you're only starting to fret

You're looking over your shoulder  
Trying to find a way out  
You pray that you'll be brave  
But your mind is filled with doubt

You wish that this wasn't real  
You hope that it's all a dream  
But when you just won't wake up  
All you can do is scream

There's something that you can't control  
There's something that's out of your reach  
Before you could do nothing but yell  
Now you've lost the power of speech

The daylight should seem so bright  
But instead everything's dim  
Your life is in someone's hands  
And subject to his whim

You're crying, begging, praying  
Someone will come by  
To right this wrong around you  
And make this evil die

You know it's right behind you  
This "demon" from within  
And you'll begin to descend  
Once the fear sets in.



## Achieve

*Karen Freed*

I've been guided, misguided, treated, abused,  
Isolated, pressured, taught to improve.  
Always, constantly pushed to achieve,  
Pushed to believe,  
That potential has not been reached,  
My pinnacle of excellence has not been touched.

Learn quicker, work harder, think better.  
Depend on no one; accept the worst and most  
difficult obstacles.  
Strive to achieve all the time,  
Time is too short to sit back and breathe,  
So I grit my teeth and believe  
That there is more to me,  
More to achieve.

And just as I think I can do no more,  
I am forced to dig deeper, faster, stronger.  
Forced to find what lies beneath;  
Pick it up,  
Grip it tightly,  
Stare at it face-to-face and eye-to-eye.  
Whatever it is, whatever the task, whatever the  
challenge,  
I owe it to myself,  
I owe it to the world,  
To take this thing, this barrier, this impediment,  
Crush it with the sole of my shoe,  
And Achieve.

## **Destiny**

*Amanda Murphy*

To follow one's destiny is to fulfill one's life.

Everyone has a destiny,  
A path to follow,  
A personal legend to pursue.

Destiny creates a life for all people without  
direction.

It gives them a plan,  
A focus,  
A course to live their lives.

While pursuing their destiny people learn from  
experiences.

It teaches them about life,  
About love,  
About trust.

It is from these experiences that a true lesson is  
learned:

To follow one's heart,  
One's instincts,  
One's soul.





## **The Desire of Man**

*Aneesh Deshpande*

Lost, lonely, not a friend in the world,  
The eerie silence pervades his desolate being.  
The baby's cry, the telephone's ring:  
What once seemed so common, now seems so  
far and distant.

Such is the price one pays for the pursuits of  
risk and adventure,  
With the memories of home and the anticipation  
of fate  
Comes the endless pursuit of frivolous survival.

Why does man always prolong inevitable death?  
It is his thirst for life, for achievement and for  
love,  
That, with the memories of home and the  
anticipation of fate, comes the endless pursuit of  
frivolous survival.

## Heaven

*Angela Fontana*

It is nice to think there is somewhere I will go  
after death.

Heaven.

Somewhere with comfort,

Love,

And simplicity,

All at the same time.

Somewhere I will be safe forever.

No worries.

No problems.

I give no excuses;

I don't have to.

My most modest and magnificent desires are  
fulfilled.

I see things I would have never imagined in my  
earthly dreams.

Somebody loves me.

Heaven is somewhere beyond my complex life.

"I am going to a better place," some dying say.  
But are they?

It is frightening to think that nothing comes after  
death.

I will rot in a cemetery.

Eventually be forgotten.

How can my life be over?

Dead.

A corpse.

No spirit.

My religion was a waste of time.

My life like every other creature's.

I was not special.

So what happens after I die?

Does heaven even exist?

What is it like?

So many questions,

Questions without answers.

What do I believe?

Religion?

Science?

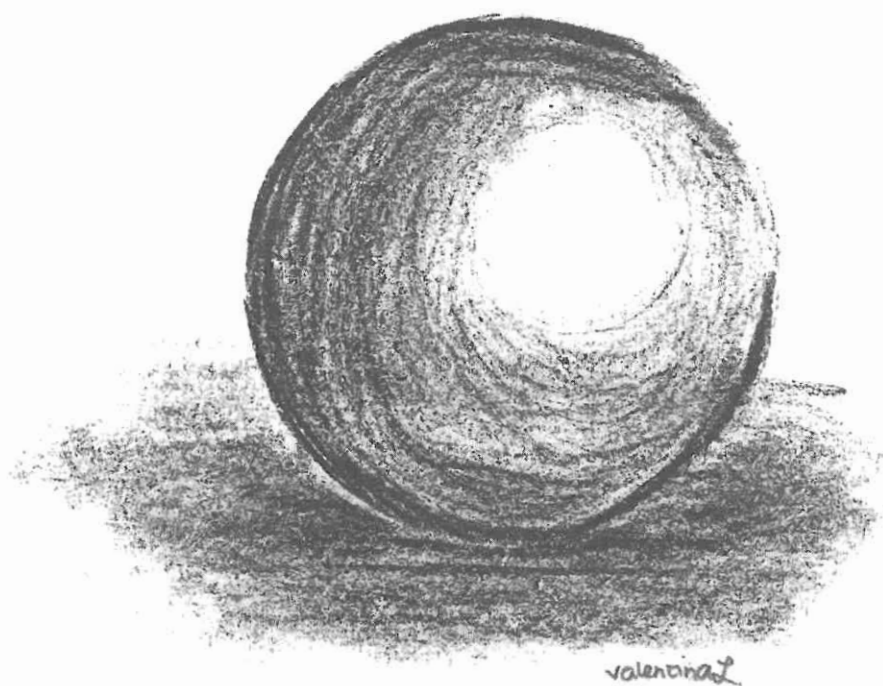
I choose my faith.

This way, I know that after I die, I will live in  
comfort,

Love,

And simplicity,

All at the same time.



## **I Know**

*Amanda Foreman*

The sound of the water lapping the rocks,  
Like a subtle cry from the underwater gods.

“Do not enter our world; you will disturb the  
peace!

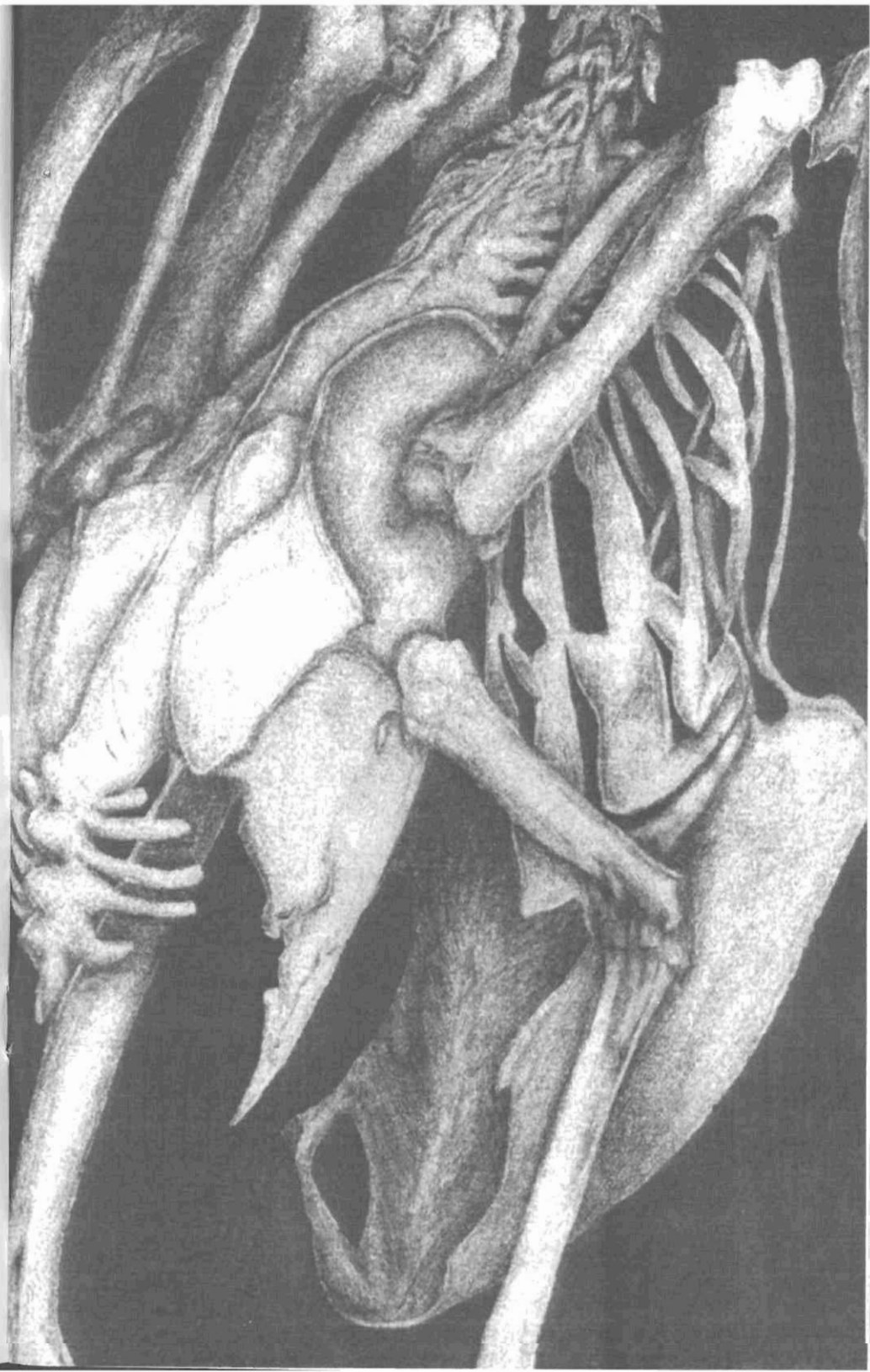
Have you not learned your lesson, you two-  
legged fools?

We’ve killed before and we’ll do it again!”

The fish continue to bite at the bait.  
At the dinner table one is passed around.

“Mmmm...you’re delicious. Tomorrow we will  
try your brother.”

And the water continues to make its music  
against the rocks.  
Some may mistake it for another insignificant  
sound of nature,  
But I know...



## Honor and Pride

*Matthew Kligerman*

If I am thrown down, I will rise to my feet.  
If I am attacked by a greater foe, I will fight  
back.  
If I am alone and assailed by an army,  
I will hold my ground.  
I may fail,  
But if I do, I will fail with my head up high  
I may die,  
But if I do, I will die a man.  
Others may shame me,  
But I will not shame myself.  
I must walk into the darkness,  
And I will walk there with my head held high.  
I will have honor; I will have pride.

## Loneliness

*Ben Wald*

A lonely figure gazes out at a gray sea;  
Waves, crashing, smashing against the shore,  
Driftwood, lying in desolate, mournful heaps.  
Reminds the figure of unfulfilled promise,  
And regret.

The sea at noon, full of sparkle, so bright;  
So like his early dreams – happy, filled with  
youthful vigor,  
But this storm-tossed sea reflects his deepest  
sorrow,  
His dreams, dashed like the waves against the  
black rocks,  
Gone forever.



## Mecutio's Curse

*Alex Weisman*

Revelry games to rivalry effects.

I am hurt.

His cold hip-mate is now warm with blood.

Such things are to happen when hip-mates  
become hand-mates.

I am Hurt.

For in my torso fell Tybalt's aimed toy

But for Romeo's hand my breath grows weak.

A laugh.

These merry men in stupid faces around me  
won't take me in truth.

They think me in jest.

I am hurt!

Do they not see what I see?

How this prick is only a battle in war?

Romeo, not you who killed me, 'twas family

Tybalt, not you who killed me, 'twas family

Feuding families find friends to be their victims.

Both to blame.

For their rift I bleed.

I am hurt.

My wound can't heal, neither can that wounded  
rift of manors.

Their streets forever crooked, windows always  
shut, doors unwelcoming to each other  
but now must welcome the weight of their  
decisions.



"A plague on both your houses!"  
Fools! I am hurt!

Your destinies doomed. In my final breath, I see  
the clearly-hidden future.

"A plague on both your houses!"  
Suffer as I am.

"A plague on both your houses!"  
Realize the daunted dreams of your young  
prodigies as we receive the same fate.

"A plague on both your houses!"  
I am  
done

## **They Say**

*Michael Marks*

They say He was born with a shining light  
Around His head

They say He was born to a virgin  
That's what they say

They say He criticized the rabbis  
He told them that they had it wrong  
Old ways are current lies  
There were new times to come

They say He walked on water  
They say He cured the Blind  
They say that He was Perfect  
They say that He hadn't a fault to find

They say His friend betrayed Him  
They say He was nailed to a crucifix  
They say that they made a crown out of sticks  
And thorns to fix onto His head  
And the thorns stuck  
And the sticks inflict pain and bruise  
And through all the vicious boos  
He was forced to hang under a sign that said  
"King of the Jews"

They say He was resurrected from His grave  
To save all the sinners who weren't perfect  
As He was  
You must believe in this  
Because  
If you don't, you will go to Hell one day  
Now I'm not saying I believe all this,  
That's just what they say.

## Elevation

*Gabriela Gadia*

It tears at my aching back,  
The heavy task I bear,  
Though I will carry it.

And those who in me had no trust  
Can stop their worries.  
No longer must they look down;  
They will find no weakness there.

I have been elevated,  
I can hold like any other,  
I *will* carry it,  
Let there be no disbelief.

Now that it is done,  
If they look down  
There will be nothing,  
And I must no longer strain my neck.

## Fear

*Yves Jodesty*

My world has turned to darkness because of evil  
and fear.

It's taken over my friends and the loved ones I  
hold dear.

I can't control this overwhelming fright.

The darkness that controls fear is as dark as  
night.

Evil shadows came to search and take me away.

They will not stop no matter how much I beg,  
grovel, or pray.

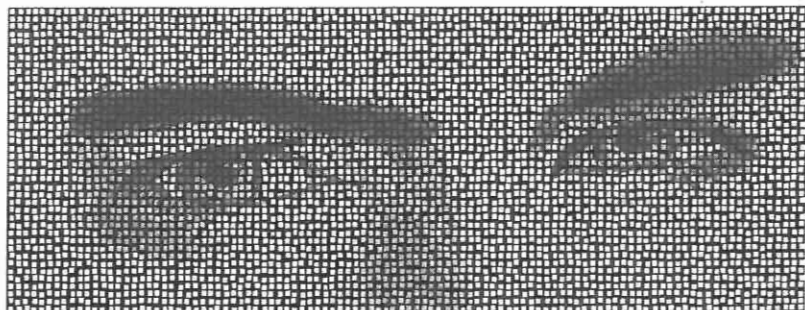
Evil surrounds me with darkness as its cape.

There is no possible way for me to escape.

The eyes of fear watch over me wherever I go,

If I'm in the mountains or in the valleys below,

I must try to control this overwhelming fear.



## Why Me?

*Dana Hersh*

It makes no sense  
I need a reason  
Can anyone explain?  
How should I feel?

“Why do bad things happen to good people?”

Why me?  
How do I react?  
Why am I scared?  
What do I say?

“Why do bad things happen to good people?”

The chills in my body  
The thoughts that I feel  
The nervousness in the pit of my stomach  
The feeling of being alone

“Why do bad things happen to good people?”

I need an answer  
An indication  
What have I done wrong?  
Why me?

## Bye

*Matt Miller*

Before we leave to go now,  
Before we say good-bye,  
Before it all falls down now,  
Before you start to cry.  
We'll look into the future,  
We'll remember all that's past.  
We'll know then it's never over.  
We'll know it'll always last.  
A place we've been before now.  
A place coming up so fast,  
A place I wish I were gone now,  
A place we've long surpassed.  
I feel it's right it's wrong now,  
I feel it's gone somehow.  
I feel like lying down now.  
I feel I'm on the prow.  
Pushing myself forward.  
Pushing through the seas,  
Pushing on the hull,  
Pushing through the trees.  
The stars are out to guide you,  
They twinkle like your eyes,  
I hope that I can find you,  
Before we say our good-byes.

## Discussion

*Anna Biegelsen*

Everybody searching for answers...

...so people talk

about their problems

about how their pain is worse than someone  
else's because their issues go just that much  
deeper...

But here's a thought –

Maybe it's the same problem for everybody

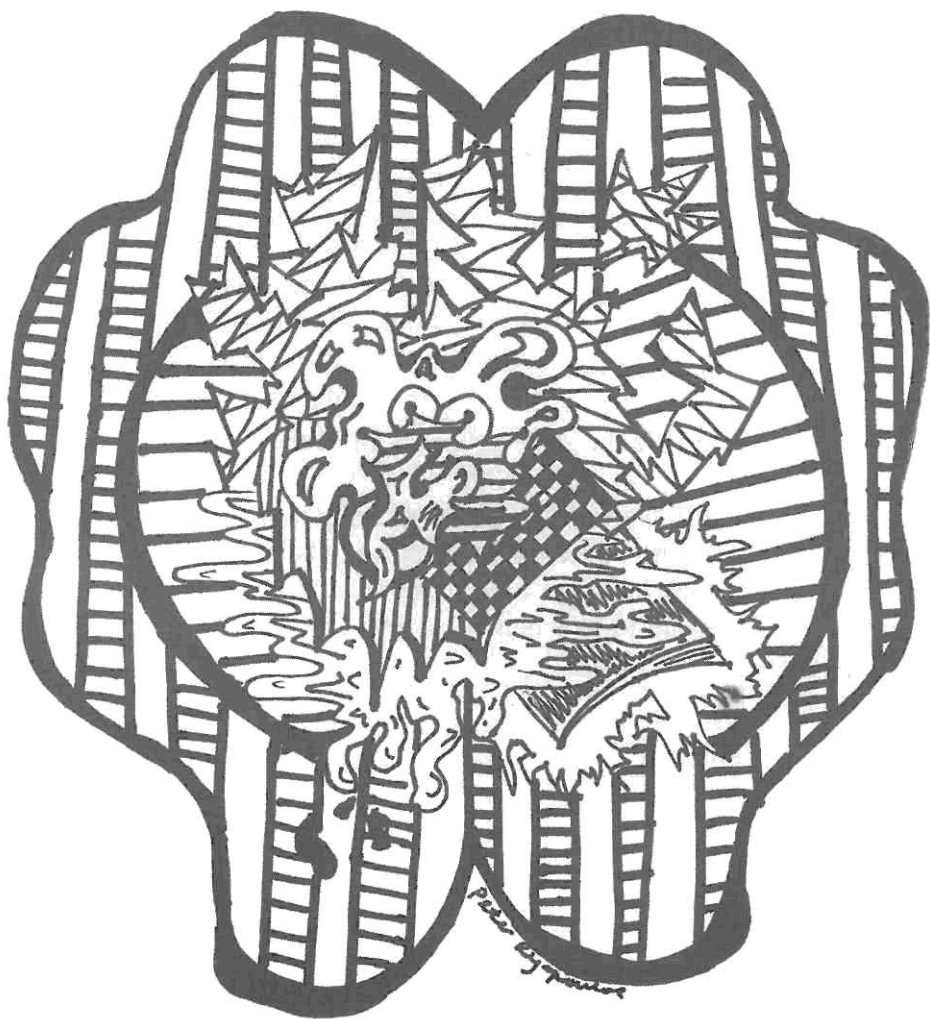
What if everybody's so busy trying to make  
something of themselves- trying to be someone  
that they just aren't – trying to find that person  
they want to be when it isn't who they really are

---

Well...

Just a thought...

...care to talk?





## Never Alone

*Ekta Nagar*

She sits on her rocking chair,  
swaying back and forth.  
Her eyes staring at the skies.

An observer notices only the despondency,  
the sadness in her eyes,  
the grief in her heart,  
the emptiness in her soul.

She continues to rock  
and waits for someone to whisk her away  
from her tormenting solitude.

Solitude –  
one of the many harsh emotions  
that tie her down to this earth,  
as she searches for something  
greater than dejection.

She waits day after day,  
and watches the sun rise and set.  
Without ever realizing the presence  
of the many souls around her,  
she swings.

Lamenting her loneliness,  
she fails to realize that she is never alone.

## Timeless Love

*Mandi Fenkell*

The very first time I saw you,  
Was special how we met.  
You took me by complete surprise,  
I knew my heart was set.

As days flew by we talked again,  
I realized how I cared.  
The feeling I felt was new,  
But it was always there.

In time I became attached to you.  
From a hug, I wouldn't let go.  
I soon saw how close we were,  
And the feeling was good to know.

For you, I read sweet poems.  
You were on my mind all day.  
The thought of sleeping was not possible,  
Unless I knew you were okay.

The days without you turned to years,  
And the years without you flew fast  
I only wish I could see you again,  
And make each moment last.

The times I spent with you,  
Were what made my heart complete.  
I knew one thing for sure,  
Without you, my future was obsolete.

And now we are together again,  
As we love each other every day.

I stare deep into your precious eyes,  
And I know just what to say.

The road ahead is going to be hard,  
Things may only seem rough.  
But because I love you so much,  
We'll stay strong and get by with enough.

And so, each night, beside your bed,  
With only bright stars to see.  
I pray that we may never give up,  
And always remain you and me



## Purposely Untitled

*Natalia Martinez*

There are wise men at every corner,  
Who hold The Fire in their hearts,  
And who light up like damned little fireflies  
As darkness falls.

I stand alone, an outcast among geniuses,  
A lonely idiot who still laughs at those old  
jokes,  
And likes to listen to the snowflakes as they fall  
– Me.

On the street, the faces come and go as if afloat,  
I don't hear any feet and there are no footprints  
near the puddles.  
Turning, I am alone in the city, the village, the  
prairie, the world.  
I see shoes at my thigh, a pocket near my  
shoulder, a belt at eye level – people rising.

They're floating on a tier overhead, superior and  
enlightened  
By the inner flame of those levitating around  
them,  
Suspended in a petri dish of illusion and space -  
their ersatz universe.

The procrastinator stands alone, left, abandoned,  
forgotten to *all*.  
They are *all* above, the mindless workers, and  
the masquerading fools,  
The homeless mothers, the television  
broadcasters, the religious broods,

And the clan members, the alcoholics and the  
geniuses –  
All but her.

She stands, and I stand, both outside of the  
bubble –

Yearning to pinch it open, throwing our fists  
through its elastic moistness.

Futile.

The so-called “procrastinators,” the ones who  
refused to fall into line,  
Who fought *their* “improvement” ....those have  
been left behind.

I look at her, so much alike, a slightly  
asymmetrical reflection

That remains even when I close my eyes.

I always knew I was one person, but  
unconsciously I feared a

Multiplied, incomplete version in search of the  
thousands of missing pieces.

No time for fear, though; we are alone, for we  
are one.

Now that we have found Me, now that everyone  
else has left.

I’ve been abandoned to explore the world  
beneath *them* –

The “inferior” universe that always seemed so  
elusive.

And so I am the immortal explorer of this world,  
*my* world,

For I have overcome all fear.

## Captives to Captivate

*Rita Shankar*

In a cradle laden with exotics pillaged from the  
soil,  
Born of society a dead end – an apex of  
conception,  
Society rocks me with her perplexed string and  
seductive lullaby,  
The captive's progress is the future's  
destruction,  
Extolling my destruction unknowingly,  
Contingent upon the moving belts and cranks,  
I grunt and sniff in the technological air with  
exultation,  
Ebullient as a bull yet threatening its  
sustainability,  
Upon entrance of temple premises,  
Sanctity promised as a gift of redemption,  
Basking in the mental rebirth for that scintilla in  
time,  
Prophets arising to explain our lives and, mind  
you, elucidations,  
Each a surrogate for the other,  
Bowing to Guru Nanak and Swami  
Vivekananda,  
Relenting myself of the onus, of the guilt, of the  
lie,  
Lying somewhere within yet searching without,

External to the corpse is our birth mother,  
Also known as the rival to Earth,  
Chaotic and as untamed as ever,  
Brush down the scruffy mane of the roaring  
beast,

Thirsty to organize, label, and conquer with  
gods' innate knowledge of ruling,  
Pensive on the state of no return,  
Fulfilling human destiny,  
Refusing to mature into oneness with our birth  
mother – Nature,  
Subconsciously drugged by material wealth,  
Survive, derive, and stockpile – tattooed in our  
minds,  
Exempt from Laws of Life to maintain a brief  
life of glory,  
Cloning our trail to extinction,  
Food supply serving as the target,  
Hoarding food, suffering ensues,  
Famines abound,  
Permission to eliminate competition,  
Homogeneity seemingly will prosper,  
Resulting in divergence and self-destruction,  
To reach our result – ad infinitum growth  
Pills rendering us to pedal harder,  
Skyrocketing population endures our Earth,  
Haves and have-nots proliferate,  
With stolen knowledge of gods, discrimination  
becomes innate,  
Incarnations of power,  
Praised be the agriculture to personify our  
desires,  
Positively feed us back,  
Positive feedback to our providers  
Pecuniary progress- cheers to our urbanization,  
This prison has no nepotism for indigence or  
affluence,  
Captivated by the illusion of eternity dancing  
upon our palms,  
Yet *for* eternity – imprisoned behind bars.

## You

*Ilana Pregon*

Have you smelled the rose in my garden?  
Have you tasted the food on my plate?  
Have you walked in fields of wheat?  
Have you taken over my fate?  
Have you put me down like all the times before  
it?  
Have you always known, but tried to ignore it?  
Have you been blind, could not you see  
That you are someone just like me?





## The Day...

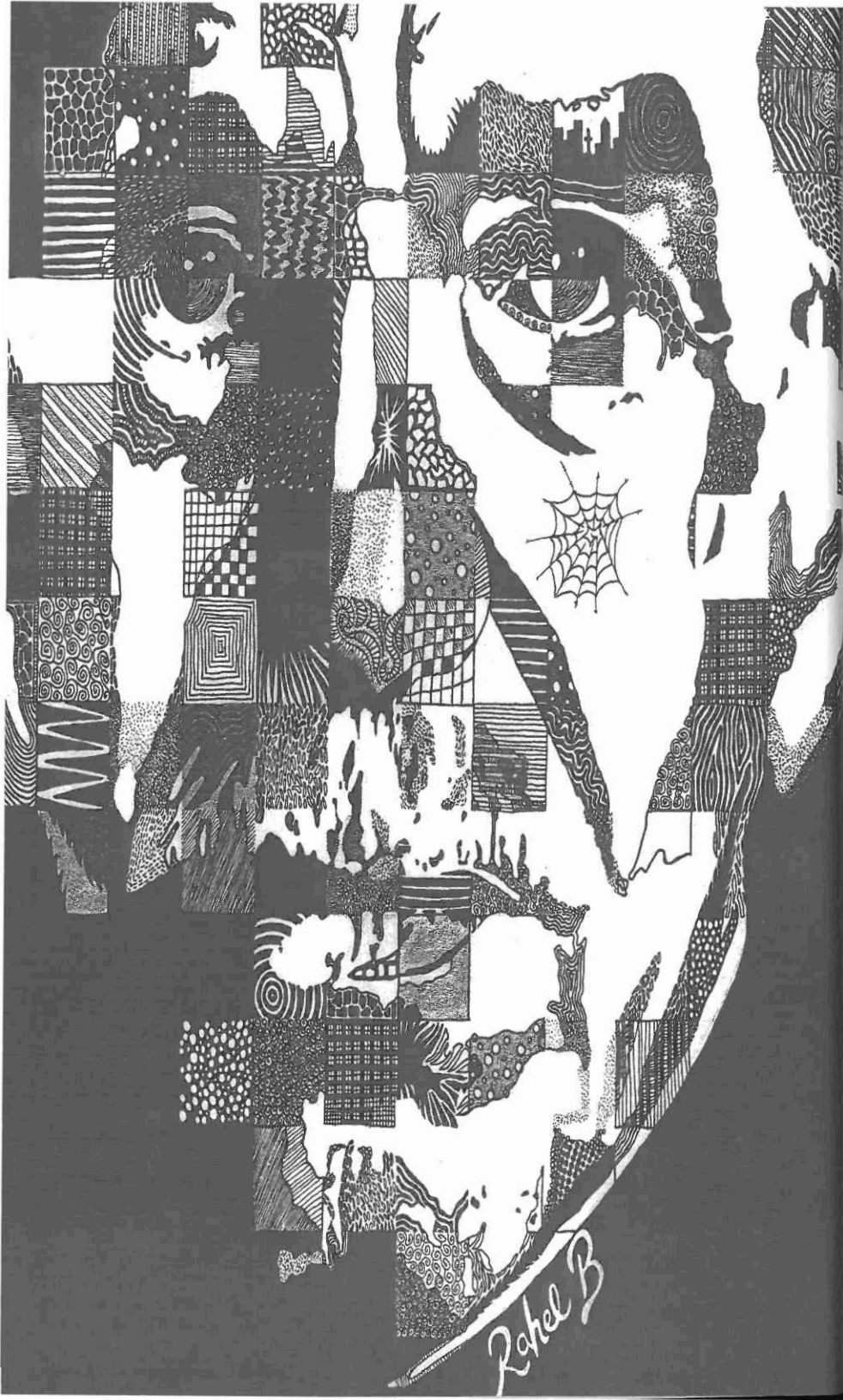
*Prasanna Durairaj*

Today is the day  
For meeting him about whom I have fantasized  
For looking into his anxious eyes  
To resolve my eagerness  
To answer my questions

Today is the day  
To speak those unspoken words  
To define those ineffable feelings  
To hear those assuring phrases  
To get lost in his comforting embrace

This is the moment  
For ending all doubts  
For burning emotions to erupt  
For witnessing unfolding dreams  
This is the moment I've been waiting for

But alas! Nothing comes out  
My voice has died  
My reason fails me  
My heart is imprisoned  
And I stand, mute.



Rachel B

## Death

*Shawn Shah*

I can't believe after all this time, I still can't get  
over you,  
I guess a love like ours is one of a kind, a love  
that is so true.  
It's been many years since you left me to go to  
God and the heavens,  
Do you still remember me?

It's like a bad dream that plays over and over in  
my head,  
Of things I wish I'd done or words I wish I'd  
said.  
There's not a day that goes by that I don't think  
of you,  
Even after all this time, what am I going to do  
without you?

Maybe this is the way people are supposed to  
feel,  
Perhaps our wounds are never intended to heal.  
I have one question,  
How is it that God could need you more than I  
do?

## Romeo's Impulse

*Skyler Shatkin*

In one brief moment of time,  
He is at peace with the world and all of its  
splendor,  
Robber of all malice by his maiden's kiss.

But fails to stop and innocent joust,  
Only to cause Mercutio's fall.

Where once endearing whispers occupied his  
thoughts,  
Now guilt-ridden echoes of a dear dying friend,  
Replacing, resounding,  
Within Romeo's ears.

Transforming a gentle lover from romance to  
wrath,  
Raging, avenging,  
He raises his sword.  
"Alive in triumph, and Mercutio slain?"

In one brief moment of time,  
Two lovers' blissful future slain.  
"O, I am fortune's fool!"  
Not even his maiden's kiss can restore all that  
was right with the world.

At last,

Take

Crit

This is your chance,

So

it will change

Be prepared for the inevitable

get to Milan this year

NEW YORK LONDON PARIS TOKYO HONG KONG GENEVA CHICAGO SEVERAL HILLS DALLAS BOSTON HOUSTON

There is only the untired.

Try it for yourself.

The Milky Way

PARIS

CALIFORNIA

Because our miracle is on the inside...

but  
not seen.

There's always time to enjoy the little things with friends.

B genuine

RÉAL

always

spun out of  
control.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

HAVE A  
LOUD LAUGH.  
SHORT TEMPER.  
WILD SIDE.

Your little angels  
can't stay little forever.

each time you

Experience

wonders

Now if you could  
only keep from  
getting older.

Remember

See it. Feel it. Have it.

is just what you need to  
help bones grow.  
your

YOU

Sumatra:

Peru:

Guatemala:

be happy.

A Perfect World

time after time.\*

Never miss a

Stranger

L A Z B O Y

Mountain

LAND

Island

life

CHANGE

place.

DO IT, AND HAVE GOOD LUCK:

life's more beautiful. out There SO

ZIP UP!

and

enjoy

It's a fact.

Good

luck

## Life Goes On

*Dana Perkins*

Life has its tragedies,  
And moving on seems impossible.  
Closing the door on life feels like the best  
option,  
You don't think anything else is plausible.  
While no one can understand,  
It is best to endure the pain alone.  
Though for you the world might have stopped,  
For others it has not.

Those close to you can't stand seeing you like  
this,  
They try everything in their power to help.  
Acknowledging that they care for you and want  
to help,  
But knowing you are the only one who can do  
so.  
You know that eventually you have to move on,  
But for right now being alone and depressed is  
what feels best.  
It is not fair that this had to happen,  
But it did, and you have to just accept it.

Should you just roll up and die?  
What about the others?  
Can you really be this selfish?  
No, life goes on.

## Nomad Airports

*Jared Leibowich*

after a while  
you start realizing things  
the excitement  
the balance  
the questions that deal with our minds

only in an airport  
does this really come together  
when you're sliding  
about the terminals  
through all the faux  
and the rushed malls  
I gotta say  
there's a certain excitement  
that penetrates

it hits me  
when I rush  
by the smokers' rooms  
and the funny looks  
everybody gives each other  
when they pretend  
not to be looking at all

there's something  
beautiful  
about everybody  
coming and going  
to different places  
when nothing's constant  
and everything is  
cut and paste

## As You Have

*Danielle LaRocco*

I'll keep quiet  
Only because you've made me  
And only because your hand  
Fits in mine  
Will I let you go.

You stand there  
In the rain  
And the black ink from  
Everything you've kept  
Quiet,  
Your secret,  
Runs down your face  
And down your arms  
It pools in my hands  
And I can't pretend to ignore this  
As you have,  
Until the last moment.

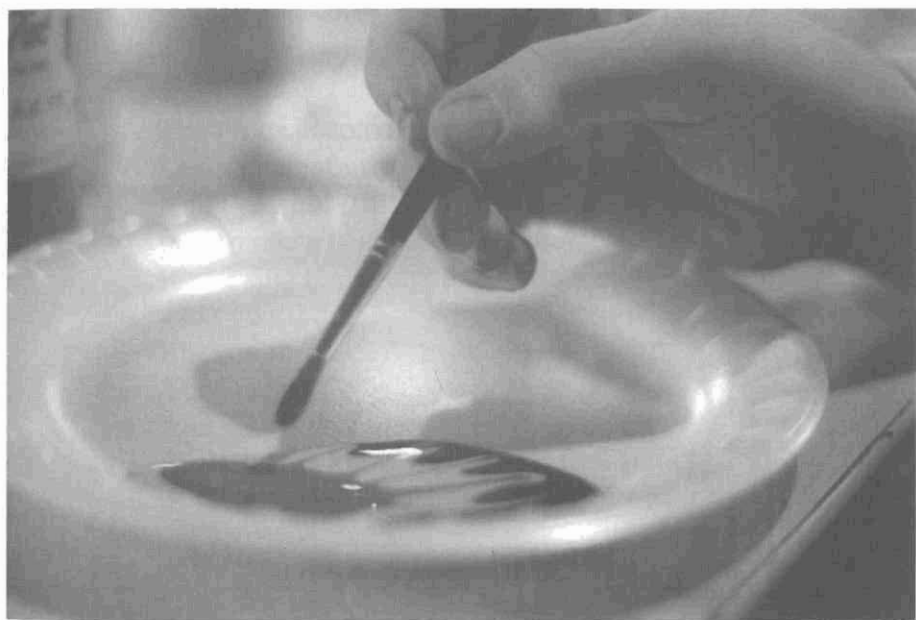
If you knew  
What this meant,  
You wouldn't.  
But since you are so  
Knowledgeable,  
And because your soul  
Has grown into mine  
(By their choice? By ours?  
Who knows?)



I must conclude  
That you rip yourself away  
In selfishness  
Greed  
And cowardice.

Ironic  
That you leave  
To stay this way forever,  
You make me forget you  
So I can remember.  
The only way I see you

Is gone.



## Changes

*Jessica Teller*

Love  
Friendship and devotion  
As strong as the wind  
As complicated as the ocean in a hurricane of  
desires  
Waves tumbling and pulling  
Secrets, memories, prayers  
Love bonded  
The pact of love and secrets never told  
Love is strong  
Strong as mountains  
Never moving  
Never swaying  
Love is two people woven together in thoughts  
Untouchable to anybody else  
Prayers, hopes, dreams  
Without end  
Until...  
Love can be complicated  
Like a puzzle  
Pieces that do not fit  
Love is strong and can be destroyed  
Hate, disloyalty, anger  
Love

## Love at First Sight

Joan Ghitis

Everything is going well,  
You are singing *legato* and strong  
But you freeze.  
The sound of your heart  
As it beats  
In your ear  
A *staccato* pulse changing in tempo.  
It becomes *allegro* as seconds fly by,  
You try to cope with the feelings as they whiz  
through your mind.  
You try to keep the support that you need  
In order not to falter or crack,  
But your knees become weak  
And the words just won't come  
And you just can't seem to find the right key.  
Where is that pitch and from where does it  
come?  
You try to stay calm but the audience won't  
wait.  
The lyrics become  
Less apparent in your mind,  
And the whole plan you had for your  
performance is gone.  
If you sing the wrong think you don't know  
what you'll do,  
But you think  
You'll cope  
And you'll deal  
Because you know that love at first sight is  
absolutely real.

## For You

*Dan Iden*

They laughed in my face.  
The coldest, cruelest laughter you could  
imagine.  
But I stood strong! I did!  
...for you.

I did not bend for them, no,  
And when they called you a coward,  
Even though that word was ice in my blood,  
I did not break.  
No, for you,  
Only for you.

They could not blaspheme your name,  
No, try as they may, bitterly as they stung,  
I knew you, my guardian angel, would not fail.  
You ran.  
I knew why...  
All their truths were untruths,  
All their rights were wrong.  
Your rights?  
Gone.  
So you fled.

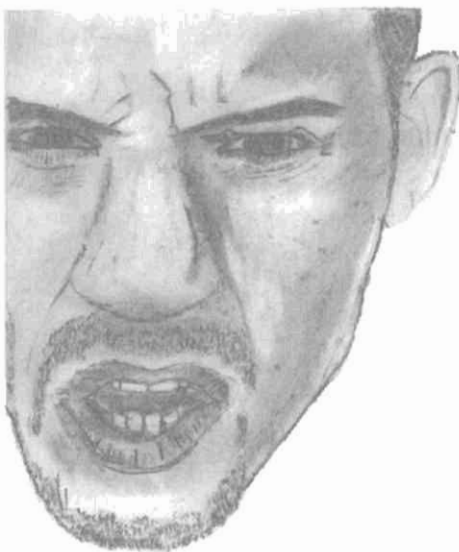
Yes, my champion of a brother, you ran and  
As much as it ripped me apart,  
I did not cry.  
As lonely as I felt without you,  
I would not be cold.  
As high as they piled the evidence,  
I would not convict you.

I did what a brother should.  
You were innocent.  
I knew that.

So, tell me,  
Why did you do it, then?

...and to think I had believed in nothing but a  
shadow of a man...

You were guilty.  
I knew that, too.



## Irony Is Lovely

*Shari Grunspan*

Happiness;  
trust,  
peace;  
life is perfect.  
Looks as if  
nothing  
can touch it.  
Takes only one minor detail,  
one short event  
for everything to change.  
Love was sweet,  
but revenge  
became sweeter.  
Nothing else matters.  
Eyes closed, minds set,  
only one thing  
can ease  
the pain.  
Hatred,  
determination,  
greed  
overcome all other  
emotions;  
one will stop  
at nothing,  
like a tornado,  
seizing everything  
in its path,  
to get satisfaction,  
to gain retribution.  
Ironic how people who  
say the least

know the most.  
Questions,  
assumptions,  
suspensions growing,  
seeking revenge  
so sweet,  
you can almost taste it  
like the smallest grain of sugar  
lingering  
on a craving tongue.  
Lovely,  
Isn't it?



## Parking Spaces

*Karin Freed*

Walking down the refurbished stairs  
With thick yellow trim that makes each step  
resemble a parking space.  
There is a stretch of cigarettes from teachers  
during their free period.  
Suddenly crowds of students enter,  
Charging to their destinations like beasts in a  
horde,  
Shoving each other aside without turning back,  
Pushing their way through the masses  
recklessly.

People are conversing with each other as they  
press forward up and down the stairs,  
But each individual conversation is blended into  
a single distinct sound  
That can be heard only in a high school  
stairwell:  
The sound of blurred voices,  
Of shuffling feet,  
And backpacks slamming against each other.

Finally, after a seemingly endless three minutes,  
With my head tipped downward and my body  
tensed together in efforts to get by faster,  
The doors come into view.  
I reach the newly painted dull doors



And glance briefly at the rectangular window.  
All this time I feel as if I have been traveling  
upstream,  
I am relieved to grasp the metal handles at last.  
I swing the door open,  
And lift my head,  
To face the next challenge...  
The Hallway.



## My Manifesto

*Mallory Hellman*

The scene opens on a balding, portly man.  
The recliner, the imitation potato chips, the  
remote control.  
They epitomize his spiraling existence: the fall  
of what was, of what has been.  
Clutching the glass of cheap *sake* to his chest,  
he stares into the blurred television,  
Defining his myopic frame of reference for  
eternity.  
Outside, the storm blows, winds rage, the  
animals are dead and where was he?  
Asking his wife if she wants sushi that evening.

The floods come, the gates collapse,  
A world caving in on itself and its recalcitrant  
denizens,  
Should we go to Taco Bell?  
To hell with the endangered lizards; I want a  
steak.  
Where was I?  
Up to my neck in excrement literal and  
metaphorical,  
Toiling ceaselessly for the continued well-being  
of an ungrateful populace.  
Suburban drones and corporate lemmings eking  
out their livings in defying my cause,  
My reason to live.

And who can blame them?  
SUV's and drive-though fast food seep into  
their lives of oblivion like rainwater into arid  
soil.

But one day the soil must become saturated,  
The people so immersed in their consumerism,  
their greed, their deep fried food  
And gas-guzzling machines –  
They begin to see me as the enemy.  
I, who worked persistently for the right of those  
unable to protest,  
I, who understood the plight of the carpenter  
ant, the redwood tree, the Patagonian fox,  
I, who lived naked in the Sierra Nevadas and  
spent twenty-four diapered hours on an  
overturned bucket with my feet embedded in  
concrete,  
Only to prove a point.  
Only to communicate that if we expect to live,  
we must be friends of the Earth,  
In destruction lies luxury, but in conservation  
lies life.  
While I turn my swimming pool into a thriving  
ecosystem, GE devises plans for another  
habitat-devouring plant.  
And *I'm* the enemy?  
And *I'm* incarcerated?

Am I self-righteous?  
You bet I'm self-righteous.  
When the patterns of the ecosystem screech to a  
halt;  
When familiar species become endangered,  
extinct;  
When showers turn to storms, storms to floods,  
floods to deluges,  
I will have accomplished nothing.  
Saved no one.  
But the people will dare not complain of never  
receiving a warning.

# *Foreign Language*



## **New Beginning**

*Josh Ellenthal*

Open the door.  
Don't hesitate.  
Step through.  
People will take notice.  
You're not invisible.  
Tides are shifting.  
You'll find your place.  
Open your heart.  
Open your eyes.  
Open the doors.

## **Nuovo Inizio**

[Translation into Italian]

*Allison D'Achille*

Apri la porta.  
Non esitare.  
Entra.  
La gente noterá.  
Che non sei invisibile.  
Le maree ondeggiano.  
Troverai il tuo posto.  
Apri il tuo cuore.  
Apri i tuoi occhi.  
Apri le porte.

## **Tu sonrisa**

*Ari Pinkas*

La sonrisa que tocó un corazón,  
Se fue con la brisa lentamente hasta el sol,  
El trueno la trató de parar,  
Pero el viento la quiso elevar.

Una mujer ya no sonrie,  
Y un hombre solo pide,  
Que esa sonrisa tan bella,  
Se la devuelva el sol a ella.

## **Your Smile**

[Translation from Spanish]

*Ari Pinkas*

The smile that touched a heart,  
Disappeared slowly with the breeze into the sun,  
And even as thunder attempted to deter it,  
The wind pushed it upward.

A woman has stopped smiling,  
And a man can only beg,  
That the sun will return  
Her beautiful smile.

## He vuelto

*Natalia Martinez*

El blanco de mi pelo, viejo y arrugado como mi  
cara

Se alumbra con la sonrisa de mis ojos y el fuego  
de mi boca;

El calor profundo de mis huesos

Se va entiesando con el frío de la tierra madre.

He vuelto, sí, de países lejanos,

He vuelto a renovar mi alma, a aprender otra  
vez

a respirar como un recién nacido.

Sí, he vuelto a perder mis pasos en el polvo,

A entender mis propios pensamientos,

O a no pensar en absoluto.

No importa por qué, ni cuando, sino que para  
siempre.

He vuelto, sí, de países lejanos.

Con mis manos levanto mi dolor,

Sediento de pasto, de sol y de río;

Hambriento por el seco piso de mi tierra.

He vuelto, y ahora mis pecados viven libres,

Arrullados por el canto de mis azucenas y el  
baile de mi viento.

## I've Come

[Translation from Spanish]

*Natalia Martínez*

The white in my hair, aged and wrinkled like  
my face,  
Glow with the laughter from my eyes and the  
fire from my mouth;  
The deep-seated heat within my bones  
Stiffens with the cold of the motherland.  
I've returned, yes indeed, from distant lands,  
I've returned to renew my soul, to learn again  
How to take the simplest of breaths.

Yes, I've returned to loose sight of my  
footprints in the dirt,  
And so as to understand my thoughts,  
Or to not think at all.  
Of why's and when's I have forgotten; I'm  
settled.  
I've returned, yes indeed, from distant lands.

With my hands I lift my pain, my suffering,  
Thirsty for the crisp lawn, the hopeful sun, the  
tranquil river;  
Hungered for the dry soil of my homeland.  
I've returned, and now my sins roam freely in  
such vastness,  
Lulled by the white lilies' song and the wind's  
dance.



## சூரியோதயம்

கனவுகள் கலைந்து தூக்கம் தொலைந்து  
சூரியன் வந்த நேரமிது  
மலர்கள் மலர்ந்து சூயில்கல் கூவி  
சந்திரன் சென்ற நேரமிது

தகத்தகத சூரியன் உதயமாக  
விடி வெள்ளி மங்கிப் போவதென்ன?  
தங்கச் சூரியன் கண்டவுடன்  
பனி மங்கை உருகிப் போவதென்ன?

இது ஒரு புதிய நாளின் துவக்கமா,  
இல்லே பழைய நாளின் கடைசி முச்சா?

## Sunrise

[Translation from Tamil]

*Prasanna Durairaj*

Dreams are shattered, sleep is disturbed  
As the sun rises.  
Flowers blossom, birds sing  
As the moon slowly disappears.

As the royal sun expands,  
Why do silvery stars fade away?  
With the coming of the sun,  
Why does the sun melt away?

Is this the beginning of a glowing reign  
Or the last breath of a dying kingdom?

## **Yom Ha Sho'ah**

*Karen Agami*

Shtay Shurot  
Shura echad le gvarim  
He sheny bishveel nashim ve ha yeladim  
Ha gvarim alchoo la smola  
Ha nashim ve ha yeladim alchoo la yamin  
Ma da evdel beyn shtay shurot  
Ha nashim ve ha yeladim alchoo la ambatyot  
Ha gvarim alchoo la avod  
Ha ambatyot nehefchoo  
Daka acharay daka, he nashim ve ha yeladim  
hayoo metim  
Yom Ha Sho'ah  
Bihsvil shesh million she nehergoo

## **Holocaust**

[Translation from Hebrew]

*Karen Agami*

Two lines were formed  
One for the men  
The other for the women and children  
The men reared to the left  
The women and children veered to the right  
What was the difference between both lines?  
Women and children were sent to the showers  
While the men were sent to work  
The showers were turned on;  
Within seconds, women and children were dying  
"Yom Ha Sho'ah," the day of remembrance  
For all six million who lost their lives.

## **L'avenir**

*Mallory Hellman*

Nous sommes maintenant en 2025, quand on porte des vêtements simples et pratiques. Les gens des années 90 et 2000 n'ont pas protégé l'environnement, alors le temps est bizarre. Il pleut souvent, et quand il ne pleut pas, il fait trop chaud avec beaucoup de soleil. Le monde maintenant est un véritable cauchemar. On ne peut pas faire du camping ou faire de la randonnée, parce qu'il n'y a pas de forêts. Il n'y a pas beaucoup d'animaux. Dans cette époque, on est plus pratique, moins matérialiste. Il n'y a pas de « haute-couture ». Tout est prêt-à-porter.

En général, le style est décontracté. On porte beaucoup de toile, de coton et de soie, parce qu'il fait toujours chaud. Quand il pleut (une ou deux fois par jour) on porte un coupe-vent, des bottes, et un chapeau. Les couleurs sont classiques ; rien n'est tape-à-l'œil. Les vêtements sont toujours classe en blanc, marron, noir, et bleu, jaune, et violet claire. C'est élégant comme ça, mais rien n'est délirant. C'est dommage. Quelque styles des années passées sont retournés. Par exemple, les gens mettent souvent un jean, comme toujours. Quand le temps n'est pas épouvantable, les hommes portent des vêtements du style « cow-boy » avec des bottes et un grand chapeau. A mon avis, c'est toujours ringard. Pour les femmes, les vêtements « hippie » des années 60 sont à la mode. Elles portent alors des choses vraiment babas, comme les robes imprimées, des pattes d'eph, et des moccasins en toile (Parce qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup de vaches, on ne peut pas porter des chaussures en daim). Elles mettent aussi des

pendentifs ethniques et des tee-shirts formes tuniques.

Parce qu'il pleut beaucoup, l'accessoire préférée des gens d'aujourd'hui est la parapluie. Il y a beaucoup de possibilités pour cette accessoire : les parapluies à pois, à rayures, avec de petits singes ou quelque chose comme ça. Pour la minimaliste, il y a aussi des parapluies très, très petites en noir et bien sûr des anoraks. Quand il fait du soleil, les lunettes de soleil sont vraiment importantes. Ces lunettes sont classiques.

On peut porter ses vêtements à tous les endroits, mais si on est à la mauvaise étoile, c'est important de se mettre pratiquement avec toutes les protections. Parce que l'environnement est si horrible, on ne va pas au centre commercial très souvent. L'économie est mauvaise aussi, donc les vêtements sont trop cher. Parce que tout est prêt-à-porter, tous les magasins vendent la même chose.

En 2025, les vêtements sont pratiques, décontractées, et classiques. On doit toujours se protéger contre le temps. C'est dommage parce que les vêtements sont sobres, mais on a un peu de style, quand même.

## The Future

[Translation from French]

*Mallory Hellman*

The year is 2025, a time when clothing has become both simple and practical. People living in the '90s and the early 2000s failed to protect the environment, so the weather patterns have become bizarre. It rains very often, and in the few rainless periods, the weather is extremely hot and sunny. The world has truly become a nightmare. One can no longer go camping or hiking, as forests no longer exist. There aren't very many animals anymore. In this era, people have become more practical, less materialistic. "Haute couture" has disappeared. All clothing is factory-produced.

In general, clothing styles are relaxed. One must wear a lot of linen, cotton, and silk because the weather is always so hot. When it rains, (usually once or twice a day), people wear a windbreaker, boots, and a hat. Colors have returned to the classics; nothing is too gaudy. Clothing is always sophisticated, bearing white, brown, black, or pastel blue, yellow, and violet hues. Clothing is always elegant like that, but nothing is wild anymore. It's really quite a shame. Some styles of previous decades have made a comeback. For example, people often wear jeans, like they always have. When the weather isn't too miserable, men wear clothes in the "cowboy" style, with boots and a big hat. In my opinion, that's terribly cheesy. For women, the "hippie" style of the '60s is currently in fashion. Ladies, therefore, wear clothes that are very bohemian, like printed dresses, bell bottoms, and

linen moccasins (Because cows are nearly extinct, shoes are no longer available in leather). Women also wear ethnic-looking pendants and long tee shirts.

Because it rains so often, a favorite accessory for the people of today is the umbrella. This accessory is very versatile: polka-dotted umbrellas, striped ones, umbrellas with little monkeys or something along those lines. For the minimalist, there are also very, very small black umbrellas and of course the raincoat. When it is sunny, sunglasses are a vital accessory. They are still of the classic style.

Fashionable clothes can be worn anywhere, but when one is braving the awful environment, it is important to dress sensibly, with all necessary protections. Because environmental conditions are so poor, people rarely get the chance to visit malls and shopping centers. The economy is also abysmal, so clothing has become much too expensive. Because all clothing is factory-made, almost every store carries the exact same merchandise anyway.

In 2025, clothing is practical, relaxed, and of a classic style. One must always protect oneself from the turbulent weather. It's unfortunate because much of the clothing has become very plain, but, even so, a bit of style remains.

## Ilusión

*Natalia Martinez*

Sordo al zumbir de grillos entre el pasto,  
El pastor contemplaba el manto de los cielos.  
Inundado de hojas amarillas y envuelto en el  
picar de los moscos,  
Miraba la libertad de la luna con sus ojos viejos  
y llenos the insólita sabiduria.

El agua bajaba con un sordo rumor  
Entre la arboleda que vibraba con su ritmo,  
Y parecía, dejando uno la mirada firme,  
Que los árboles bailaban entre la abismal noche.

En sus sueños, el pastor vió la luna,  
Aquella que de niño adornó sus fantasias;  
Que se perdió con la desilución de los años  
Entres pensamientos baladies e insensatos.

Regresará con pétalos en mano y su caravana de  
luz,  
Y lucirá la belleza de su piel abierta;  
A todos cegará con la pura miel de su cuerpo  
Esa luna, el día de su muerte.

## Illusion

[Translation from Spanish]

*Natalia Martínez*











Deaf to the chanting of the grasshoppers amid  
the leaves,  
The shepherd gazed at the tapestry above.  
Enveloped in the yellow leaves of autumn and  
immersed in  
The buzzing of the mosquitoes,  
He marveled at the moon's apparent liberty with  
eyes full of uncommon wisdom.

The water came down from the steppes with a  
faint, dull murmur,  
Through the grove that reverberated with its  
rhythm,  
And it seemed, if gazed upon steadily,  
That the trees shook and danced amid the  
abysmal darkness.

In his dreams, the shepherd saw the moon,  
That which had graced his childhood fantasies;  
That which got lost with the years and the  
disillusions,  
Among trivialities and banal preoccupations.

She will return glowing with a crown of light,  
To blind with the beauty of her white skin;  
And awe with the pure honey of her being -  
That moon, the day of his peaceful death.



Sólo quería decirte que cuando estés  
desesperado solamente hay una opción:  
ir a comprar  todas las paletas  
de chocolate  que hayan en el   
mundo, luego subirse a un helicóptero  
 y empezar a regalarlas desde el  
cielo  sobre las ciudades. Cuando  
bajes comprobarás que todos los pinos  
han  enamorado  a las mariposas   
y que los niños  andan embrujados  
por el color de los árboles. 

S.R.

## Chocolate Lollipops

[Translation from Spanish]

*Rahel Ben-Cnaan*

I only wanted to tell you that whenever you're desperate there is only one choice: to buy all the chocolate lollipops in the world, jump abroad a helicopter, and throw them all over the city. When you come back, you will discover that butterflies have fallen from the pine trees and that children walk around bewitched by the color of the trees.

બધા જિવનનો આનંદ માટે  
ગાવો, નાચો, રમો

બિજા માટે  
જતન કરો, ભાગ પાડો, પુષ્ટ બનો

દોડો, ચાલો, કુદો  
જિવનમા આગળ વધો

સાદુ, નિર્મળ, ઈશ્વર ભક્તિમય  
શાંતિમય જિવન માટે

## Being

[Translation from Gujarati]

*Ekta Nagar*

Singing, dancing, playing  
All for the joy of life.

Caring, sharing, kindling  
All for the sake of others.

Running, walking, jumping  
All to move along in life.

Simplicity, purity, piety  
All for a serene life.

## Victoria

*Jason Begue*

Victoria, gritemos victoria,  
Estoy en la gloria,  
Se fue mi mujer

Si, parece mentira,  
Después de tres años  
Volver a vivir

Volver a ver a mis amigos,  
Tomar y divertirnos,  
Vivir con mi madre otra vez

Ya no se escuchan sus gritos,  
Sus antojos y caprichos  
Puedo volver a dormir

Victoria, cantemos victoria,  
Estoy en la gloria,  
Se fue mi mujer.

## Victory

[Translated from Spanish]

*Jason Begue*

I am in ecstasy,  
My wife is gone

Though it seems unreal,  
After three years  
I'm finally able to live

See my friends again,  
Drink and have fun,  
And live with my mother again

I no longer hear her screams,  
Her wants, and her complaints  
I can finally sleep

Victory, let's sing, victory!  
I am in ecstasy,  
My wife is gone.

## Sin Nubes

*Galit Safirstein*

Caminando muy lento en la playa yo te vi...  
La arena caliente resbalando de mis dedos,  
El viento mi pelo acariciando ligero,  
El peso de tu mirada sentí.

Corriendo de pronto, huyendo de miedos...  
Y el sol intenso quemando mi celos,  
Turbulentos pensamientos encontraron su fin,  
Y mi mente vacía solo tu imagen vió surgir.

Una nube corrió a las montañas,  
Y llovió sobre mis esperanzas.  
Pero mi calma halló su salida,  
Al ver en el mar las barcas coloridas.

Al cabo del tiempo tu me alcanzaste...  
Y en mi camino suavemente te paraste.  
Y mis defensas derrumbaste, sin saberlo en un  
instante...  
U con dulzura me desarmaste.

Nuestras alas extendimos...  
Al mar abierto, y el horizonte infinito,  
Y con el mundo por delante,  
Hacia el cielo nos dirigimos.

## Without Clouds

[Translation from Spanish]

*Galit Safirstein*

Walking very slowly on the beach I saw you...  
The burning sand sifting through my toes,  
The wind brushing through my hair,  
And I felt the weight of your stare.

Running suddenly, escaping my fears...  
The intense sun burning my tears,  
Turbulent thoughts found their end  
And as my mind became completely empty,  
I saw your image appear.

Then a cloud moved across the mountains...  
Blurring up my feelings and raining over my hopes.  
But as I looked into the distance,  
Into the ocean, I saw colorful bright boats,  
And I felt a sense of peace and tranquility.

As time and time passed by, you finally reached  
me...  
And on my path you slowly stopped before me,  
Destroying all my defenses in an instant without me  
even realizing,  
You disarmed me completely with your charm.

Our wings were extended...  
Into the open sea and into the infinite horizon.  
With the world ahead of us,  
Toward the sky we lead the way.



सुबह का पहला निशान,  
रात का आखरी अंत,  
आता है, जाता है,  
सताता है हमेशा ॥

तकिये पे सिर जो धूमता फिरता है  
आरती के साथ,  
नाच, नाच- जी भर के नाचिये,  
मुन्ना की आँखें खुला है,  
छाया दीजिये घूँघंट ॥

काजल हो या बरफ हो- सजना या सवरना,  
पिघल न जाये त्रिगंगार,  
रूप से जलने वाली बिन्दिया,  
तुलसी की पूजा ॥

सागर आप का शीशा,  
अंधे की माया,  
और बुजुर्ग की शांति,  
इसलिये सुखाना बाल ॥

बसाना दिल में,  
ज्योतिर्मय आशिर्वाद,  
रूठ न जाना,  
रे प्यारे स्वादिष्ट लड्डू ॥

## Namaste Sun

[Translated from Hindi]

*Rita Shankar*

First mark of morning,  
Finale of night,  
Coming and going,  
Always niggling and nagging,  
On the pillow a head that swerves to and fro,  
Uniting with the sanctified plate of light,  
Dance, dance—dance to your contentment,  
The little one's eyes are open,  
Please, veil endow me with shade,  
Be it kohl or be it snow—adornment or  
beautification,  
Melt not the pulchritude,  
Bindis laden with jealousy,  
Prayer to the tulasi\*,  
Ocean serving as your mirror,  
Illusion to the blind,  
Tranquility to the aged,  
Thus dry the drops of damp dripping off my  
hair,  
Remain planted in the heart,  
Light-educing blessing,  
Leave not, growing the seed of upset,  
Oh! affectionate, delectable laddoo\*\*.

\*an Indian basil plant used in Hindu rituals

\*\*a yellow, round sweetmeat

## La Ignorancia

*Rahel Ben-Cnaan*

me alimenta. Me protege.  
De oportunidades o decepciones,  
de enfermedades o curas.  
De un hecho mejor dejado intacto.

Ignore  
que el saber o no saber  
es un minúsculo estado de mantener la realidad.

Insisto  
en alimentar la ignorancia que no cambia los hechos,  
en no aceptar una decisión  
que no revolverá mi opinión.

Ignoro  
que una palabra existe en el papel  
aunque aún no exista en mi consciente.  
insisto en sostener la carta entre las manos,  
cerrada,  
aunque la ignorancia que be brinde sea tan solo momentánea.

## **Ignorance**

[Translated from Spanish]

*Rahel Ben-Cnaan*

feeds me. Protects me.  
From opportunities or disappointments,  
from diseases or cures.  
From thoughts better left intact.

I ignore  
that knowing or not knowing  
is only a state of maintaining reality.

I insist  
on avoiding a decision,  
by feeding an ignorance  
that will not produce change.

I deny  
that words exist on paper  
even if I'm unaware of them.  
I insist on holding the letter in my hands,  
still sealed,  
but the ignorance it provides me is only temporary.